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"ALL DAY LONG IN THE CORNER SHE SITS."

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

All day long in the corner she sits;
All day long in the corner she knits;
But while her dexterous needles play
Her eyes, so liquid and large and gray,
Mark me and watch me around the house,
For she's "Puss in the Corner," and I'm the mouse.

My puss hasn't got any taloned claws,
And white as milk are her pretty paws;
And none of the feline cruelty lies
Lurking within her deep gray eyes;
Yet she holds me and keeps me about the house,
For she's "Puss in the Corner," and I'm the mouse.

I have heard that a very long time ago,
When the world was young, and the world was slow,
A lusty lion in a net was caught,
And the Monarch of Beasts was like to rot,
Till the woven threads of his prison-house
Were gnawed away by a little mouse.

This antique tale is reversed for me.
I'm a mouse in a net, and I can't get free;
For crosswise around my poor heart twines
The net of Love in a thousand lines;
And "Puss in the Corner" sits and smiles,
And fastens the knots with a thousand wiles.

But I know the way to break the chains—
A single course to me remains:
When once the marriage vows are said,
When "Puss in the Corner" and I are wed,
We'll see who rules all over the house,
And which is the cat and which the mouse!

WAITING UNDER THE WALNUT-TREE.

Twilight floats from over the hills,
A mystic presence the landscape fills,
The cloudy courtiers have just begun
To usher to rest the setting sun;
And the edge of the woods is dark and clear,
Cleaving the luminous atmosphere,
While Hannah, as still as still can be,
Is waiting under the walnut-tree.

But now and then a walnut drops
From off the old tree's ripening tops,
And Hannah starts, for she thinks her ear
Has caught the steps of her lover near:
So she hides and listens, and listens and thinks,
While her little heart rises and swells and sinks,
For the sounds of the falling walnuts die,
And no hastening lover meets her eye.

He had sworn to come. He told her so.
Can he be false? Oh no! oh no!
His heart is as true as his eyes are clear—
And yet she faints with a nameless fear!
She listens anew, but there is no sound
Save the walnuts dropping upon the ground;
And the hills are blackening one by one,
And her poor hopes sink with the setting sun.

Ah! in the corn-field down below,
Where the maize is stacked and the poppies grow,
Something is lying all stiff and cold,
Close by a hillock of ears of gold;
And the yellowing wrecks of the maize-leaves wave
Like mourners over a loved one's grave,
And the sleepy poppies their brown seeds shed,
In slumberous tribute above the dead.

Hannah may wait till the moon is up,
And the dews overflow in the poppy's cup,
But the longed-for lover will never stir
From the furrow he lies in to fondle her;
For a rival's knife his young heart has cleft,
And the poppies are pale by the stain it left—
The stain of the red blood flowing free,
While Hannah waits by the walnut-tree!

"WHILE HANNAH WAITS BY THE WALNUT-TREE."

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN IRELAND.
BY A SOLDIER.

When our regiment was quartered in Ireland, some of my company were ordered to a town within five hours' march of where we lay. My duty was to escort them there, and return by the evening train from a station a few miles from where my comrades were to be left.

We reached our destination in due time, and arrangements were made for my departure; but as the evening set in very inclement, I halted as long as possible, in hope that the storm would abate. This, however, was not the result; the storm grew more severe, and my orders being nearly imperative, I had to set forth in the midst of the blast. Making headway against the weather took up more time than I had calculated on, and I reached the station only to learn that the last train had passed. I spent little time in hesitation, as I had only one course before me if my quarters were to be reached that night; so, drenched and weary, I retraced my steps.

When night began to close in, and the weather grew dense and thick, I for the first time thought that if darkness were once on, and an inn should invite shelter, I would, under the circumstances, avail myself of it and remain till daybreak. I had not a very accurate knowledge of the district, yet I did not doubt that I was on the right road the length I had gone; still a slight hesitation arose, and I resolved to make inquiry the first opportunity. continued to go on a considerable distance without sight or sound of human existence, but I was at length fortunate enough to fall in with an old woman driving a cow. When she recovered from her surprise at seeing me, I was fully convinced by her that I had gone astray, and was farther from an inn than it would be agreeable to travel. It appeared there were no houses near but her own—where there was no accommodation—and another one where I might have been put up, but a man having died there that morning, and the widow being in the house alone, it was thought she might object to the presence of a stranger. I resolved to try, at any rate, and got such directions for reaching the place as were seemingly intelligible, when my informant and I parted company.

The house was not so easily found as I had hoped, but I stumbled upon it after nearly losing temper, and advanced considerably elevated in spirits when its outline attracted my bewildered sight. At first I knocked somewhat gently, not to startle the inmate; but no notice being taken, I repeated it much louder. A stir within followed this, and a voice gruffly inquired the purpose of the disturber.

I began to explain my situation; but before I had spoken a doz-

"THE FIGURE IN THE DEAD DRESS, WHICH LAY ON A CHEST," ETC.

en words I was told I could not get admittance, as there was a dead man in the house. I remonstrated, and urged the necessity of my case, offering to sit in any corner, and give no trouble nor annoyance. Still I was only told, in notes a key or two louder, that I might as well depart at once. This irritated me greatly, and I angrily shouted, that unless she let me in quietly I would force the door and enter in spite of her.

There must have been a tone of determined resolution in my speech, for the voice within modified considerably after the threat; some parley and grumbling followed, when the door was opened and a candle lit. The woman eyed me very suspiciously, and appeared either alarmed or annoyed; but I urged her to be composed, and give herself no uneasiness on my account.

The house was miserably furnished, the chief objects which arrested my attention in the desolate abode being the figure in the dead dress, which lay on a chest before the bed, and a table by the fire-side laid out with provisions. The latter were, to me, rather tempting; but my newly-made friend seemed anxious that I should not be allowed too narrow a survey of her premises, as she requested me to follow her to an inner apartment. I would have preferred staying where I was, but I did not consider it unreasonable that she should have the choice of where I was to be located, so I followed when she led the way.

In this place there was nothing but a low erection covered with straw, and an old-fashioned stool lying upside down. I was told I could take either the stool or the "bed," and left alone; but she handed in a piece of bread a few minutes afterward, with a sullen remark that was not intelligible.

Tired as I was, I felt more disposed to watch the woman's motions than court slumber; but this eventually grew tedious, and I began to get drowsy. I therefore quietly lay down, and, to prevent my being taken by surprise, I placed my feet opposite the door, so that it could not be opened without awakening me. In this position I fell into a slight sleep, but a movement in the other apartment made me start and listen. Through the crevices in the old door I could only see indistinctly, but was still able to see my friend was listening behind it; and when I saw this, I dare say I helped to convince her that I was fast asleep by certain nasal sounds I introduced at intervals.

She soon desisted, and slipped cautiously back, and, my inquisitiveness being aroused, I peered sagely through the seams. She wrapped a shawl around her, set a lighted candle on the table, and left the house, locking the door carefully behind her. I confess to getting uneasy at this, and a feeling of awe at the loneliness of my situation crept through my frame. Not knowing what might follow, I loaded my musket, as I thought it better to be able to defend myself if that should be necessitated.

I waited anxiously a long time, but heard no sign of her return, nor any sound save the first dull clicks of an old clock and the splashing of the rain outside. At length I was seized with a desire to inspect the premises, and after a slight hesitation I ventured into the other end. It was the most dreary position in which I had ever found myself, the solemn stillness imparting a feeling as much akin to terror as the greatest fear of real danger could ever instill within me; but my survey was almost immediately interrupted by a rustling movement in the direction where the dead man lay.

I started at this, and moved my piece into a better position, and I think I raised it mechanically to my shoulder, when I saw the sheets moving on the lifeless body, as I had thought it. My hair, which was generally so short as to be always on end, can not exactly be said to have stood erect at this; but I perspired at every pore, and felt somewhat unnerved, although I am no slave to superstitious fears. At this stage a voice from the sheets addressed me in a low tone, saying, slowly and distinctly, "Sodger, sodger, sure an' ye won't shoot me!"

This partly convinced me that he was still an animated being; but I was not by any means at ease, and could only respond by a searching yet tremulous stare.

"Sowl! an' I'm living as ye are," he said, turning round; "but if ye'll plaise to take the pins out of them binders and cut the cord round my toes afore that woman returns, I'll till ye the howl about it, an' dhrink my own health wid ye to the bargain."

There was now no reason for being concerned so much, although my curiosity ran on ahead while conjecture followed hard to overtake it. I complied with his wish, and he civilly asked me to remove to the other end, after I had covered him up nearly as he was before, and handed him a "sprig," as he termed a ponderous staff that looked decidedly dangerous, even when standing quietly in the corner.

I was somewhat excited when I returned and sat down again within. In an hour or so silence was broken by the grating of the lock, and my hostess entered, accompanied by as ruffianly a looking character as I had ever beheld. She pointed to the door I was looking through, and muttered something to her companion, who growled a response, and brandished a stick he had brought with him. Both then listened earnestly for what seemed a long time, but I was soon convinced that I was not the object of much care on their part. They sat down, and began to drink from a bottle the woman had taken from a recess. By-and-by the new-comer put his arm round her neck and began to whisper words I could not hear; but their proceedings were speedily interrupted by the man in the sheets springing to his feet with sundry execrations, and dealing most unmerciful blows with the "sprig" upon the head of each. At the first sign of life in the prostrate figure the woman began to shriek, but this soon ceased as she and her companion were knocked down.

I felt it was not my business to interfere, so I looked on in silence. The next proceeding of our hero was to open the door, and throw them both outside with the greatest unconcern. After this he carefully locked the door, came forward to where I was, and asked me to sit with him by the fire which had now kindled up.

I gladly complied, and he related the reason that had led to the scene I had just witnessed. The woman, it appeared, was his wife, and he had found occasion to suspect that she intended to rob him, and run off with the stranger. He likewise discovered that she had poison in her possession, which he managed to replace by a harmless ingredient, and he subsequently had the gratification to see it mixed up for himself. This led him to feign death, with a view to ascertaining her exact intentions, but he evinced surprise that she had been deceived so thoroughly. Her anxiety to get rid of him, however, had aided the deception, and she had not investigated very closely whether her drug had done its work thoroughly.

He very unreservedly stated his future purpose; turned over some old gear in a corner, and produced a sum of money with which he meant to pay his passage to America, and leave for that country at break of day. We sat talking all night, and grew so friendly that he offered to share his funds with me, which I, of course, declined.

In the morning he looked out in front of the house, but the two outcasts were nowhere to be seen. With a hatchet he smashed in the face of the old clock, which terminated its asthmatic ticking, and threw it on the fire; and every other thing in the house, that appeared worth destroying, he broke. Tying up some of his own apparel in a napkin, he muttered a curse on the wretched dwelling, locked the door, and threw the key on the dunghill with a "bad luck to it;" and after that, he showed no farther concern about what had occurred.

At the station I allowed him to pay part of my fare, which gratified him exceedingly; and when I left him, he was so sorry to part that I believe a word would have taken him into the ranks with me. But the parting whistle sounded, he pressed my hand, and I returned his grasp of kindness, and in one minute more the last look was exchanged, and since that time I have seen nor heard nothing of my somewhat singularly-formed acquaintance.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

THE IRISH STEAMERS.

WE have been favored with the following communication:

"54 SOUTH STREET, *Oct.* 17, 1860.

"GENTLEMEN,—Our attention has been drawn to the inclosed editorial in your pictorial journal, and, with the exception of the steamer *Parana* having been a chartered vessel, we beg distinctly to state that none of the statements have any foundation in fact; and that we can only view the article as having been written with either a desire to injure the Galway line or through inexcusable ignorance of the subject-matter. We remain yours, etc.,

"HOWLAND & ASPINWALL,
"Agts A. R. M. S. N. Co."

[INCLOSURE.]

[*From Harper's Weekly, October*, 20.]

The loss of the *Connaught* deprives the Galway line of the only steamer they really owned. Advertisements in the papers, it is true, state that the line consists of five "new iron side-wheel steamers of 4400 tons burden each"—to wit, the *Connaught*, *Leinster*, *Ulster*, *Munster*, and *Parana*. But this is merely a playful figure of speech. The *Leinster*, *Ulster*, and *Munster* exist only in imagination; one or two of them are said to be on the stocks; but none of the three have ever made a voyage. The *Parana* exists, but belongs to the West India Navigation Company; and instead of being 4400 tons, she is only about 1700. The *Connaught*, in like manner, was, we believe, only 2500, not 4400 tons as stated in the advertisement.

The following is the advertisement referred to in the above paragraph:

NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.

The steamers comprising this line have been approved by the Admiralty, and are the

NEW IRON SIDE-WHEEL STEAMERS

CONNAUGHT	4400	tons burden.
LEINSTER	4400	" "
MUNSTER	4400	" "
ULSTER	4400	" "
PARANA	4400	" "

* * * * * * *

The steamers of this Company have been constructed with the greatest care as regards safety and comfort, combined with model and propelling power, and are built with water-tight compartments. They are confidently expected to surpass in speed and rough weather qualities any vessels ever built, and are replete with elegances and conveniences.

* * * * * * *

For freight or passage, apply to
HOWLAND & ASPINWALL, Agents,
Nos. 54 and 55 South Street.

We beg to assure Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall that we have not the least desire to injure the Galway line. The more lines of steamers there are between this country and Europe, the better we shall be pleased; though we confess we should like to see vessels which carry to sea five and six hundred human beings a little more substantially built than the ill-fated *Connaught* seems to have been.

Nor can we admit that we have laid ourselves open to the charge of "inexcusable ignorance," which Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall so courteously bring against us. The denial which these gentlemen oppose to our paragraph would have been more easily met had it been more specific and less general; but it probably refers to and evidently includes our statements that the *Leinster*, *Ulster*, and *Munster* have never made a voyage, and that the *Parana* and *Connaught* are not really of the tonnage specified in their advertisement. Yet both statements are unquestionably true. There was at one time some talk of the *Leinster* being got ready to make her first voyage this fall; but like a good many other promises of this Galway Company, its fulfillment has been deferred. She and her consorts may perhaps, if all goes right and the Company has better luck hereafter than it has had hitherto, make their maiden voyage next year; but to advertise them as forming part of an actual line of steamers on a specified route, approved by the Admiralty, and surpassing any other vessels afloat, strikes us as rather steep.

With regard to the tonnage of the two ships whose actual existence is, or was, undoubted, the *Connaught* and the *Parana*—both of which are said by Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall to be ships of 4400 tons—there is very little to be said. The *Parana* belongs to the West India R. M. S. T. Company. They, who ought to know her size, state in their published schedule of their fleet that she is a ship of 2730 tons. The surveyor of the port who measured her, according to law, when she came here, certifies as follows respecting her tonnage:

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK,
SURVEYOR'S OFFICE, *October* 19, 1860.

I CERTIFY that the British steamer *Parana*, Heenan master, measures twenty-five hundred and sixty-nine $\frac{82}{95}$ tons.

$2569\frac{82}{95}$ tons.

J. S. BENEDICT, *Surveyor*.

The *Connaught* never came to this port, and was consequently never surveyed here; nor have we been able to find her in Lloyd's list. We are informed, however, by persons who knew her well, that she probably measured from 2000 to 2500 tons; she had five feet less beam than the *Persia*, which measures 3586 tons. This weakness of the Galway Company for exaggerating the tonnage of their ships seems incorrigible. When Mr. Lever was asked by the Committee of the House of Commons how he came to advertise the old *United States* of about 2000 tons as "the new and splendid steamer *Indian Empire* of 5000 tons burden," he tried to explain that he counted the ship's engines, coal, and machinery as part of her tonnage, and was not abashed when a member inquired why he hadn't counted in as well the wharf where she lay and the dock where she had been built?

For all this, we wish well to the Galway line, and shall be glad to welcome their ships to our waters. The more the better, provided they are safe. But the New York agents, if they will take our advice, will avoid controversies respecting them. They will not bear it.

NO PUNISHMENT FOR MURDER.

THE Legislature of this State, following out a humanitarian theory which has already been productive of mischief in other cases, passed an Act last winter for the abolition of the death-penalty, in the case of persons convicted of crimes other than murder in the first degree and high treason. But in doing this it went further, and repealed the section of the code which prescribes hanging as the method by which culprits sentenced to death are to be executed; thus leaving it in doubt whether there is at the present time any penalty at all which can be inflicted by the courts upon criminals convicted of murder in the first degree. The Court of Appeals considers the question so doubtful that it has quashed the sentence of the murderess Mrs. Hartung, and ordered a new trial. New trials are also to be had, in consequence of this law, in the cases of the convicted murderers Sanchez and Shea; and the public prosecutor has wisely determined to defer the trial of Charles Jefferds, under indictment for the murder of Walton and Matthews, until the Legislature shall have had time to amend the blundering Act.

Thus, what with the Legislature and what with the police, life, in this State, enjoys a degree of protection which is not very reassuring to the timid. The number of crimes of violence committed in New York is considerably greater, in proportion to the population, than in any of the large cities of Europe; the convictions much fewer. In Paris or London murderers hardly ever escape; here, at least, one half the murderers and murderous assaults go unpunished. We need not quote instances; every New Yorker can with a little effort of memory recall a score or more. And it seems quite likely that the escape of the murderer of Dr. Burdell will be followed a few months hence by that of the author of a still more atrocious homicide—that of Matthews.

The world moves, and we must hope that we are destined to improve in course of time. Just now, however, we are bound to say that our progress partakes of the nature of the crab's movement: we seem to be going backward. A few years ago, murderers seldom escaped the due penalty of their offenses. Mayors were men of the highest character, and the title of Alderman was itself a certificate of respectability. Judges, in the city, were jurists whose opinions were quoted abroad; to be a member of the New York bar was proof of honesty, bearing, and gentlemanly instincts. We have been changing all this a good deal lately; let us hope at last we shall make some change for the better, and that we shall not always present an illustration of the failure of democracy.

COMPENSATION.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

TIME has its sweet revenge. The humblest wretch
Who walks amid the shadows of the earth
May wait in patient bondage, sure that God
Will right him of his wrong, in his good time,
E'en though a monarch riveted his chain.
The world advances on its course, and time
Must crowd within the smallest space the hopes,
The fears, the joys of human life; that men
May see within the hour the sharp events
That once took years to culminate.
The day
Has come when grasping kings must bow to commons,
Before great Nature's forces all the pomp
Of art must fall. Man, roused from sleep, has learned
His right to freedom, and the wisest king
Is he who gracefully accords the boon
Before 'tis asked.
The glorious day has come
When startled History lays aside her pen,
And looks with puzzled eyes upon the scroll
Where Time has written down the wondrous acts
His changes brought about.
A few short years
Have passed away since at the gorgeous tomb
Of France's self-made King stood England's Queen—
Stood with bent head before the marble shrine,
Built high and stately, by a people's love,
Over the dust they had recalled with voice
Of strength from the dark, sterile rock whereon
He lingered to his death—by England's act.
Stood with bent head beside the man within
Whose veins the same blood flowed as that dead King's.
Stood to do silent homage to the low-
Born upstart; him who built his throne upon
The necks of princes lacking that grand spell
Of power—a nation's love. Stood England's Queen
Beside another upstart, of the self-same blood,
And did him homage for the self-same deeds
For which his kinsman died.
Once more.—Beside
A grave stood England's future King. A tomb
Of simple build, towering no marble shafts
Into the sky; claiming no awe-struck gaze
For gilded epitaph and praise; nor yet
By long-drawn tales of brilliant battles won,
Through blood and shame, asking for life
Eternal in a nation's heart.
Beside
That tomb, where slept the sometime rebel chief,
The soldier patriot, and pure-hearted man,
The maker of a nation; there, with head
Uncovered, and in silent awe, stood one
Whose blood had marked the rebel chief for death—
Death on the scaffold—death by means as vile
As ever dealt to malefactor.
The
Wild dirge rolled through the forest shade, and winds
Of autumn sang their music in the boughs.
The birds went twittering over leafy ground,
Heeding not prince nor peer. No sign was seen
Upon the heavens, as of old, when God
Made miracles by instant thought; but still
One high recording power entered this work
Of Time, and with a soft, approving smile,
Wrote on the record these fair words:
"Well done,
Thou faithful servitor of God! Thou balm-
Bestower for a nation's woes; thou great
And gracious healer of a people's wounds—
These are thy triumphs, this thy sweet revenge!"

THE LOUNGER.

A FEW LAST WORDS.

A PRINCE is a prize which rarely falls to the Loungers. We must be allowed to make the most of him. He has gone now. He is at sea; but the fact of his visit remains. The scent of the roses will hang round it still. Besides, we weekly Loungers have only one chance in seven days to talk about him. The daily Loungers have six in the seven. And they make the most of them.

Now to-day is the first chance this Lounger has had since the ball. The noise of the events of that famous week will, of course, have died out of the morning papers, and there is a suggestion of Old Mortality in alluding this week to those long-passed days. They are already mossed over. Let us scrape a little of the moss away; let us talk of ourselves, and the Prince of Wales, and of the crowning sensation of a summer.

A SUMMER OF SENSATIONS.

NEW YORK has seen many splendid sights this summer. The *Great Eastern*—the Japanese—the Zouaves—the Wide-Awake torches—the pageant of the Prince's reception—the Firemen's fête—and the Democratic procession. All these assembled thousands and thousands of people, and the general good-humor and good conduct were not only admirable, but they pointed a moral.

Looking down upon that solid crowd—and so solid a crowd was never witnessed in Broadway—you might have seen a half-dozen policemen, when the procession was expected, begging the people to stand back and make way. Of course nobody was going to begin, so you saw the policemen take hold of shoulders and push the owner back against other people, and, if there were any actual resistance, tapping the recusants—first gently, then stoutly, and even almost throwing them down in the struggle. At any moment the crowd might have annihilated all the policemen within sight. Sometimes a sharp fight seemed imminent, but it was avoided, and few positive arrests were made.

When the few officers had fairly pushed the mass back to the curb-stone, it was curious to see how resolutely the people held the line. They braced back against the pressure from behind. They cheered or hissed those who passed along the cleared street; and when the officers ran to stop some intruder from crossing, there was a general good-humored clapping and shouting. And they stood in those lines for nearly an hour—long after the announced time of the Prince's coming.

In no other city of the world could that spectacle have been seen. Great pageants you may see every where, and much more picturesque than ours, and great multitudes of people. But a foreign fête, however pretty, is like the walk of a lit-

tle girl to the Parade-ground or to Union Square. An adequate nurse accompanies her to supervise her behavior. So in all the fine crowds of the festal foreigners there is always an adequate armed force to repress too great exuberance of spirits or demonstration. Now it is profoundly true of us—although we can't give a ball—that the sentiment of loyalty to law is universal and supreme. Our crowds regulate themselves, with the assistance of an occasional officer, who serves merely as a symbol of law. The scene of Thursday week was popular government in action. The salutatory of New York to the Prince was this:

"Young Sir, look around you. Here we are, a million people. The soldiers who surround you are only a portion of those same people in uniforms. The few policemen are emblems of their obedience to law. This is what we have done. We can't offer you a banquet so splendid as every European city will give you. We can't have a ball without the most absurd episodes. We have no old buildings, and no new ones, that are of any particular interest. In historic tradition, in the fine arts, and the rest of it, we are pretty poor. But this restless, busy people is so individually satisfied that there is no temptation to violent changes, and we honor law so truly that we can govern ourselves. We keep the peace without an army and with a ludicrously small police—that is what we have done in this country, Lord Renfrew, and that is what we show you to-day. We welcome you to the spectacle of a people that can and do govern themselves, without a lurking fear of sudden trouble."

Baron Renfrew may not have heard this welcome, but the Duke of Newcastle probably did.

TRAVELING INCOG.

The oldest son of Queen Victoria, and "the heir of England," as your true loyalist puts it, is traveling in this country with his tutor and a small party. The Prince travels *incog.*, and passes by the name of Baron Renfrew. He arrived in New York, the other day, strictly *incog.* It happened that five thousand troops were parading upon the Battery, and in order to preserve his *incognito*, Lord Renfrew put on the uniform of an English Colonel, and mounting a horse, rode up and down the lines; so that his presence was not in the least suspected.

With the same privacy he proceeded to a carriage in which, oddly enough, the Mayor of the city happened to seat himself immediately afterward, and the traveler, who does not allow it to leak out that he is really Prince of Wales, had the pleasure of watching, unperceived and unsuspected, the habits of the people. As usual, the street was solid with human beings, and the fair ladies of the metropolis were seated at every possible place, at every visible window. The people were also engaged in their accustomed recreation of sitting in chairs upon extremely narrow ledges over doorways; boys were curling over the stone scroll-work; and groups were gathered upon the roof, in the usual way, to stare straight down into the street.

Stopping at the City Hall—but still entirely unsuspected—he slyly saw the soldiers march by; and then stepping into his carriage, he slipped up Broadway between the military lines—no one having the least idea that the *incognito* traveler was the next sovereign of England. From the moment of gaining his hotel he went about the city, unmolested, and with the same privacy. On Sunday morning he went to church, and nobody knew it. Had the *incognito* been lifted in the least, it is possible that there may have been a crowd, and the future Head of the Church might have been treated in old Trinity like a "What is it." It is also possible—for such things have been known—that the preacher would have called the visit of a young man to a church, for the purpose of worshiping God, "an august occasion." But happily for decency and gravity, the *incognito* under which the Prince travels prevented all these things; and he left the city without his presence having been suspected.

KEEPING THE BALL IN MOTION.

Of course all the Loungers have but one topic now; and some of them may have a particular curiosity. Some of them are perhaps wondering "what does that party of English gentlemen think of New York and its doings for the Prince?" In public nothing could surpass their politeness. They bowed and smiled in the right places. They were patiently taken hither and thither. They kept their eyes open, and their minds, too, doubtless; and while the Prince was amused, his companions doubtless thought busily of the whole matter.

Of course, as free and independent Americans, we don't care what they thought. We never care what English people think of us. We didn't care for Mr. Fiedler, nor Mrs. Trollope, nor Captain Hall, nor Marryatt, nor Dickens; not a bit of it. If they chose to make fools of themselves, blast their eyes! what was it to us? And if any body else chooses to come and have his opinions and his absurd prejudices, and make himself or themselves fools also, who cares? what is it to us? We know what we are. We know that all other nations are bloated aristocrats and puling slaves, and that we are the only really intelligent, prosperous, great, and permanent people.

Of course we do. Then why do we always wonder what these effete people think of us? Suppose now, we could have invisibly sat down at table with the company of gentlemen who accompanied the Prince—the morning after the ball, say—and what should we have probably heard? Perhaps the least little bit of a laugh. Why not? The metropolis of the New World had bent all its wealth and genius to give a ball, and it couldn't make a floor strong enough to support the people. It couldn't hold itself from crowding its guest so that he had to be roped in. Don't you think those gentlemen had a right to laugh?

The truth is, that we have done as young people are very apt to do. We have utterly mistaken ourselves. We don't know what to do with a Prince when we get him. It certainly is no fault of ours; but when we try to be courteous we are a little ridiculous. Why was there a ball at all? The people of New York received him by a pageant whose moral magnificence was incomparable. Except for the foolish delay it would have been unsurpassed as a spectacle, not by reason of the decorations and military display, but of the million of human beings regulating themselves. It was a spectacle of incalculable significance to each of those English gentlemen and noblemen. It was simple, unique and impressive. When that was over, he might have readily devoted his time to seeing the separate lions of the town. And if any person had given him a ball, and he had gone and danced, like other young men, he would have had that amusement of which he is so fond.

But why should four hundred people give him a ball? Do you say he would not have gone to the private ball? Why not? The ball at the Academy was not a public ball—and why might he not have gone to dance at General Scott's in the evening as well as call upon him in the morning to lunch? If the Academy fête had been given by the city or the State, it would have been different. But it was a private ball given by private citizens in which the Prince was treated half as a Prince and half not; and the moral is, that four hundred people may do capitally as individuals what they can not do well as a body. It was kind to ask him. It was kind in him to accept. There was no reason that it should not have been a very pretty festival, except that we didn't know how to do it. We fully meant that it should be memorable and beautiful, but it has turned out a little ludicrous and wearisome. Nobody is to blame except the builder and the computer of the number of persons that could comfortably move about upon the floor. The gentlemen concerned in the affair have worked most zealously. They have had a terrible botheration, and now that it is over they have more curses than compliments. It is a very hard case. It is a great pity the ball was undertaken. We must all bravely call it a failure, and resolve not to do so again.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

"Dear Lounger,—Don't you think Mr. Morphy ought to have played with Mr. Paulsen?"

Certainly not, if he did not wish to: why should he? Mr. Morphy is a gentleman who has a genius for the game of chess. His play excites the admiration and wonder of the intelligent world. He goes to Europe, and meets the famous chess champions and vanquishes them. His success makes him most famous of all. Then he returns, is *fêted*, and behaves finely under it, and settles into private life like any other gentleman. Of course he retains his interest in the game, and frequents its clubs, and tries his power with opponents. He is confessedly the chess champion of the world. But the chess world is not the fistic. He does not hold himself ready to do battle against all comers. If that be the condition of championship, you may have the belt. I will play, he says, upon such conditions and under such circumstances as I choose. Mr. Paulsen's challenge was courteous. Mr. Morphy's reply was not less so. If Mr. Paulsen will not meet his friend except upon equal terms it is a proof of his confidence in his skill. If Mr. Morphy declines to play with any one except against odds, who will complain?

CIVIC FEUDS.

The jealousies and battles of the old Italian cities, of Florence and Venice and Genoa and Pisa, make an exciting and brilliant chapter of history. The jealousies and battles of the new American cities make a ludicrous chapter. The Orange difficulties were not the only ones engendered by the Prince's visit. Other old quarrels, always latent, have been evoked nearer home. Philadelphia sneers at New York. Boston scolds. A letter gravely printed in a Boston paper says that the Prince was black and blue from the pinching he suffered at the hands of the ladies of New York! Philadelphia points proudly to her successful opera evening, when the little Patti soared to new sweetness of song, and the rumpled plumes of the primo chanticleer of the Academy (how clearly he *does* chant!) were smoothed. New York listens and smiles supremely, back again. Mr. Moncane said that the Prince never should be King. But New York is confessed Queen. She may be a wretched one, but she can not be deposed. She is enthroned, and although Philadelphia should claim that she is more regal, and Boston that she is more courtly—here, meanwhile, sits New York in the seat of power, and the world and the country acknowledge her supremacy.

There is a childish bitterness in this municipal warfare which is extremely droll, because the general perception has awarded to each of these cities its peculiar character. They are all three rich and flourishing. They have all essentially the same structure of society; and each has in some degree the characteristics of all. But Boston is distinctively intellectual, New York commercial, and Philadelphia aristocratic and fashionable. New York is the most amusing, Boston the most inspiring, and Philadelphia the most commonplace. Boston is satisfied to be the hub of the universe, New York shows her schedule of property, and Philadelphia points to the republican court of the Revolution.

What can be done? The papers fire away at each other. The New Yorker asks, with a toss of the head, whether *all* Boston girls read Greek before breakfast; the Philadelphian looks askance at the equipage of beef, broadcloth, and molasses; and the Bostonian curls the lip a little as she surveys the two.

New York pats the little province of Boston upon the shoulder, and Boston remembers the little city of a Greek state. New York asks Philadelphia whether she is seated at the very sources of the Delaware, and Philadelphia remembers London, Paris, and Rome, and deigns no answer. Then Boston and Philadelphia contemptuously demand why New York should pinch a poor Prince black and blue.

Alas! it is a feud without an end. It is perennial. In the happy absence of a great enmity we cultivate our little jealousies. And if the cities take comfort in it, in the name of peace and mutual enjoyment let them continue. It is an easy wit that calls Boston a village, and Philadelphia provincial, and New York *parvenu*. A *parvenu* Queen. Hear that, Newport! Saratoga! Washington! New Orleans! New York *parvenu!* Do you believe H.R.H. thought so? Do you think Newcastle thought so? Do you think any of the guests, who didn't go through the floor, thought so? Do you suppose the immortal Four Hundred thought so? And echo distinctly answers, of course not.

THE BLESSING OF ST. MARTIN.

Last year the great question of the exact season of the Indian summer was settled by the note of the Lounger's friend at Nightingale House. It is the summer of Saint Martin, and is gathered about his day. It is a kind of bouquet of days of St. Martin, rich, clustering, fragrant, and splendid. Only let us agree also that Saint Martin's day has a long dawning. These golden mists; the yellow morning haze; the inexpressibly soft touch of the air at noon; the ripe hill-sides; the gorgeous valleys; and the moist, sweetly-rank odor in the smoky air—all these prelude the pageant of that last look of summer.

St. Martin fully appears in the early days of November. The landscape has already clothed itself in its festal garments. By that time the gold is very golden—the sunshine strikes through the thin yellow leaf—the maples are in crimson court dress—the hickories and nut trees are yellow—the woods strew leafy gems and bright asters, and Saint Martin passes through the year more royally attended even than the Prince. Silent he comes and goes. The pomp fades; the leaves shrivel—at last the trees stand bare. But they remember the saintly benediction. Yes, though the despairing poet, pining for the south, sang,

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree!
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity,"

they do remember. They sing of it when the struggle with the winter winds is relaxed. And, by-and-by, when the crocuses and the early violets brave the sleet of March and the sting of April, the trees, still warm at their hearts with the blessing of Saint Martin, begin to smile again with leaves and blossoms.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Francis Himself Again.—Though the King of Naples is at present without a kingdom, still he can not refrain, so strong has the habit become a part of his nature, from condemning his subjects, even at the very moment that he is left without any subjects to condemn. The following is the sentence he has passed upon them: "The conduct of the Neapolitans is positively *revolting.*"

THE CUP OF MISERY.

We read in the Italian correspondence the following distressing fact:

"There has been an insurrection in Todi."

We suppose such an insurrection was stirred up with a spoon? We should recommend that an Irishman or a Scotchman be sent over to quell this insurrection, for they're the boys for putting down Todi (*Toddy*).

Pretty, if not True.—A poetical Young Lady, who has just come out, calls "Dreams the best oculists in the world, for do they not give eyes even to the blind?"

EXTREMELY SHELL-FISH.

We beg to present the reader with the two following latest novelties in the way of autumnal conundrums:

1. Why have lobsters no feeders?—Because they have *antennæ (haven't any)*.

2. Why is a supplementary plate of crabs like the Alien Act.—Because it contains an extradition clause (*an extra dish and claws*).

If the too indulgent reader were to try for a thousand years, he would never be able to beat the above in badness.

How to keep one's Memory Green.—Surround it with plenty of bays.

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Are you not very wet?"

"Arrah! I don't care about being very wet; but, plase your honor, I'm very dry."

A Yarmouth maltster hired an Irishman, "a green hand," to assist in loading his sloop with malt. Just as the vessel was about to set sail the Irishman, who was jingling the price of his day's work in his pocket, cried out from the quay, "Captain! I lost your shovel overboard; but I cut a big notch on the rail fence round the starn, right over the spot where it went down; so you'll find it when you come back."

It is no use whatever, as is often supposed (says Buckland, in his "Curiosities of Natural History"), to split the tongues of magpies in order to give them facility of speech. It is cruel work, and does no good. Magpies can talk sometimes even better than men. I was told of a conceited young gentleman, who naturally stammered, going up to a working man who owned a magpie, and after rattling the bars of the cage with his gold-headed cane, he said,

"My man, can y-o-u-r mag-mag-mag-pie t-t-t-alk?"

"Yes," said the man, "a precious deal better than you can, or I would wring his neck on the spot."

A gentleman residing in a village not many miles from Exeter, finding that the diminution of his wood-pile continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clew to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folks should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheel-barrow.

"You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep."

"Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting before you'd offer to come and help me!"

A footman, proud of his grammar, ushered into the drawing-room a Mr. Foote and his two daughters, with this introduction: "Mr. Foote and the two Misses Feet."

Tit for Tat.—A young lady lately asked a gentleman the meaning of the word surrogate, and the gentleman explained it to her as "a gate through which parties have to get married." "Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of sorrow-gate?" "You are right, Miss," replied her informer, "as woman is an abbreviation of woe to man."

Why are soldiers apt to be tired in the month of April?—Because they have just gone through a march.

If the speculator misses his aim, every body cries out, "He's a fool," and sometimes, "He's a rogue." If he succeeds, they besiege his door, and demand his daughter in marriage.

The man who minds his own business was in Littleton the other day, but left immediately, he felt so lonesome.

Many persons admire the lightning. It is very grand and very beautiful, but we were never personally struck by it.

Gentlest of her Sex. "What did you say was the principle of the stereoscope?"

Alfred. "Why, it makes two people into one."

Best and Brightest (*innocently*). "What a delightful invention!"

Lord Townsend's butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. "You blockhead," cries his lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand, "how did you do it?"—"Upon my soul, my lord, they happened to fall just so," replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth into a thousand pieces.

Titles for "Sham Books."—When the *Comic Annual* first came out, the author forwarded a copy to the Duke of Devonshire; and in his letter of thanks the Duke asked Hood if he could furnish him with some titles for a door of sham books. Hood seemed to enjoy the task, and sent off two batches. The following are among the best of the titles sent: "Boyle on Steam;" "Rules for Punctuation, by a thorough-bred Pointer;" "Annual Parliaments, a Plea for Short Commons;" "Lamb's Recollections of Suet;" "The Rape of the Lock, with Bramah's Notes;" "Peel on Bell's System;" "Cursory Remarks on Swearing;" "Barrow on the Common Weal;" "In-i-go on Secret Entrances;" and "Recollections of Bannister, by Lord Stair."

"Clara," said Charles, "did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him?"—"Yes, yes, the little dear," replied Clara. "Have you seen him?"—"No, not exactly; but here's a piece of pink ribbon in the sausage."

What kind of a pencil did Britannia use when she ruled the waves?

A lover may imagine himself dis*card*ed when he sees another man's name on the wedding-cards. His natural exclamation will be, "What's amiss?"

If a young lady has a *pain* in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a *sash?*

What is a Mother-in-Law?—The mother-in-law is the person in the household who attends to the preserves and the pickles, and sees that the matrimonial jars are put carefully away, to be opened as they are wanted.

The Progress of Civilization.—"In my time, Miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles!"—"Ah! but my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the under-standing."

Butchers' Chips.—A young man sitting on a gate, whom I complimented on his happy looks and proof that work agreed with him, answered, laughing, "'Tis some'at besides work; I eats a few butchers' chips every week; them's the things for looking happy on."

A man, on being upbraided for his cowardice, said he had as bold a heart as any one, but his cowardly legs ran away with him!

We don't know exactly what the "height of ambition" is, but we have seen many fussy little specimens of it not more than five feet high.

A lady, in reply to some guests who praised the mutton on her table, said, "Oh yes, my husband always buys the best; he is a great *epicac.*"

"Dawkter," said an exquisite the other day, "I want you to tell me what I can put into my head to make it right."

"It wants nothing but brains," said the physician.

Anamboo, an African prince, visiting England, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London, that, in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his hands on his heart, and exclaiming, "Oh! Madam, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!"

At a public "tea-party," recently held in one of our country towns, where "sentiments" were in order, a timid bachelor was bold enough to remind the ladies that leap-year was upon them by offering the following:

"Three long, weary years have I waited for this:
Now, if you'll pop the question, I'll surely say yes."

To which a lady promptly responded as follows:

"The man without courage to do his own wooing,
May do his own washing, and baking, and sewing."

Some person whom Quin had offended met him one day in the street, and stopped him.

"Mr. Quin," said he, "I—I—I understand that you have been taking away my name."

"What have I said, Sir?"

"You—you—you called me a scoundrel, Sir."

"Oh, then, keep your name, Sir," replied Quin, and walked on.

He is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten?—It is out of the head.

A good way to light some cities with gas would be to set fire to their editors.

To get up the "Conflict of Ages," ask two rival beauties how old they are.

This life's contradictions are many. Salt-water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce a coolness.

Some malicious persons assert that the letters M.D., which are placed after physicians' names, signify "Money Down."

In a committee of ladies we have no doubt but whatever is voted on is always carried by a *handsome* majority.

A singular warning to our fashionable exquisites—so large a number of whom consider a defective pronunciation of the letter "r" the best "pwoof of awistocwatic bweeding"—has recently been afforded by an action brought against one of the species for libeling a highly respectable medical practitioner residing in a country town. Wishing to recommend the doctor in question, and employing the elegant slang so much in vogue among his class, he said that "Mr. So-and-so was the *crack* doctor of the place." Unfortunately, however, his peculiarly *distingué* pronunciation of the "r" made the speech sound so very like "the *quack* doctor of the place," that an action for damages was the only course left open to the doctor by which to vindicate his professional reputation.

BRITAIN AMERICANIZED.

FIRST LOVE.

SHE was the first, the only star
That shone upon my life,
The summer of my days had set
Before I called her wife;
The leaves have fallen twenty times
Beneath our trysting tree,
Since the ringers shook the rafters
In the belfry by the sea.

The pulses of my heart beat slow,
With calm, unflutter'd stroke,
Till with a party from the Grange
I picnick'd at the Oak;
A stranger to our Forest ways,
She came with Alan's bride,
One glance—I knew my love was come—
The old indifference died.

The park, a summer's walk across,
Was famous in the shire;
The porter at the crested gates
Grew rich and blessed the Squire;
I show'd the glade where ballads say
The King met Robin Hood,
I took her where, as boys, we cropp'd
Wild strawberries in the wood.

The gardens and the orange-trees,
The swans upon the lake,
The gazing stags among the fern,
The pheasants in the brake:
These sumptuous signs of wealthy state
She saw with sweet surprise,
And I——new light was on them all,
Seen with a lover's eyes.

When Alan blew his warning horn,
My chestnut join'd her bay;
Down the long grassy "rides" we rode,
And watch'd the rabbits play.
The dead sun in his crimson shroud
Lay buried in the west,
And Love was nestling in my heart,
An inmate, not a guest.

A gipsy party gayly plann'd,
A smile, a soft "good-night,"
And then I left the low white house,
Just as the stars were bright:
Lost in some far, forgotten sea,
The sailor on the shore
Sights, to his joy, the ship that comes
To bear him home once more.

The bride moon with her dower of stars
Twice grew to matron age
Before my birdie flew away
Back to her northern cage;
She knew the abbey pictures well,
She dared the haunted room,
We laughed around the Oak again,
And saw the aloe bloom.

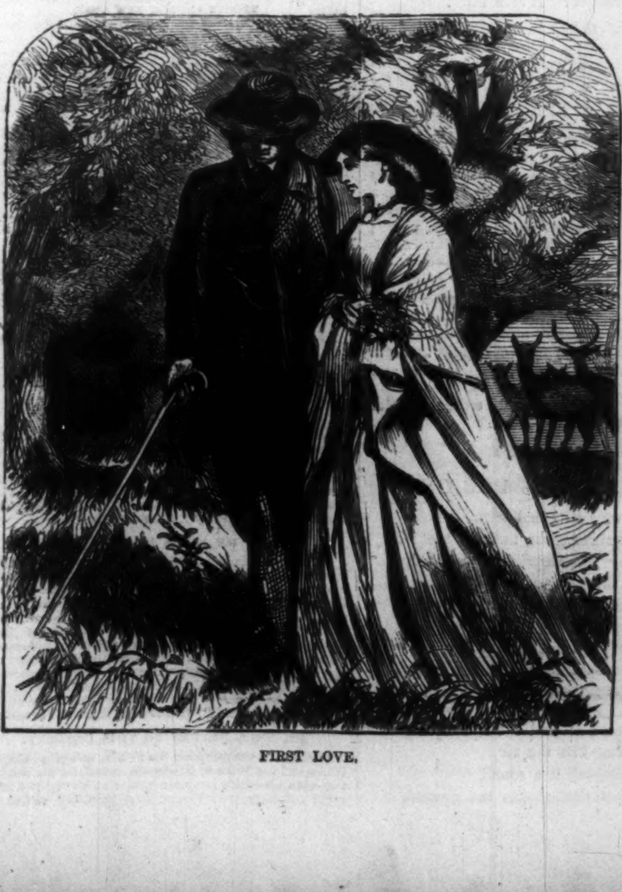
A promise in the oriel won
To crown my growing bliss,
A drooping head, a circled waist,
And such a binding kiss!
Oh, happy time! Oh, happy time!
It never has its fellow—
The one green leaf that hangs among
So many sere and yellow.

Before the Autumn spent his wrath
Upon the Rectory vine,
I claim'd the promise that she made,
I went and whisper'd, "Mine:"

May's father trembled as he said,
"Take her, a trusting wife,
And cherish one whose love has thrown
A glory round my life."

Some days beside a lonely mere
(Lured by the waterfall),
And then we settled at the Grange,
For Alan took the Hall:
How swift the lustres pass'd along,
Sweet heart, with love and you,
For if the sky was sometimes dark,
There came a break of blue.

And ever, as the year winds round,
And brings the longest day,
We gather at the Forest Oak,
Where first I met my May;
Look, Alan's boy and our May-bud
Are coming down the "ride,"
Perhaps before another June
There 'll be another bride.


FIRST LOVE.

A DAY'S RIDE:
A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER,

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

BREAKFAST over, I took a walk through the town. Though in a measure prepared for a scene of unbustling quietude and tranquillity, I must own that the air of repose around far surpassed all I had imagined. The streets through which I sauntered were grass-grown and untrodden; the shops were but half open; not an equipage, nor even a horseman was to be seen. In the Platz, where a sort of fruit-market was held, a few vendors of grapes, peaches, and melons sat under large crimson umbrellas, but there seemed few purchasers, except a passing school-boy, carefully scanning the temptations in which he was about to invest his kreutzer.

The most remarkable feature of the place, however—and it is one which through a certain significance has always held a place in my memory—was that, go where one would, the palace of the grand-duke was sure to finish the view at one extremity of the street. In fact, every alley converged to this one centre, and the royal residence stood like the governor's chamber in a panopticon jail. There did my mind for many a day picture him sitting like a huge spider watching the incautious insects that permeated his web. I imagined him fat, indolent, and apathetic, but yet with a jailer's instincts, ever mindful of every stir and movement of the prisoners below. With a very ordinary telescope he must be master of every thing that went on, and the humblest incident could not escape his notice. Was it the consciousness of this surveillance that made every one keep the house? Was it the feeling that the "Gross Herzogliche" eye never left them that prevented men being abroad in the streets and about their affairs as in other places? I half suspected this, and set to work imagining a state of society thus scanned and scrutinized. But that the general aspect of the town so palpably proclaimed the absence of all trade and industry, I might have compared the whole to a glass hive; but they were all drones that dwelt there; there was not one "busy bee" in the whole of them.

While I rambled thus carelessly along, I came in front of a sort of garden fenced from the street by an iron railing. The laurel, and arbutus, and even the oleander, were there, gracefully blending a varied foliage, and contrasting in their luxuriant liberty so pleasantly with the dull uniformity outside. Finding a gate wide open, I strolled in and gave myself up to the delicious enjoyment of the spot. As I was deliberating whether this was a public garden or not, I found myself before a long, low, villa-like building, with a colonnade in front. Over the entrance was a large shield, which on nearer approach I recognized to contain the arms of England. This, therefore, was the legation, the residence of our minister, Sir Shalley Doubleton. I felt a very British pride and satisfaction to see our representative lodged so splendidly. With all the tax-payer's sentiment in my heart, I rejoiced to think that he who personated the nation should, in all his belongings, typify the wealth, the style, and the grandeur of England, and in the ardor of this enthusiasm I hastened back to the inn for the dispatch-bag.

"I HAD PRACTICED THIS EXPLANATION AS I DRESSED IN THE MORNING."

Armed with this, and a card, I soon presented myself at the door. On the card I had written, "Mr. Pottinger presents his respectful compliments, and requests his excellency will favor him with an audience of a few minutes for an explanation."

I had made up my mind to state that my servant, in removing my smaller luggage from the train, had accidentally carried off this Foreign Office bag, which, though at considerable inconvenience, I had traveled much out of my way to restore in person. I had practiced this explanation as I dressed in the morning, I had twice rehearsed it to an orange-tree in the garden, before which I had bowed till my back ached, and I fancied myself perfect in my part. It would, I confess, have been a great relief to me to have had only the slightest knowledge of the great personage before whom I was about to present myself, to have known was he short or tall, young or old, solemn or easy-mannered, had he a loud voice and an imperious tone, or was he of the soft and silky order of his craft. I'd have willingly entertained his "gentleman" at a moderate repast for some information on these points; but there was no time for the inquiry, and so I rang boldly at the bell. The door opened of itself at the summons, and I found myself in a large hall with a plaster cast of the Laocoon, and nothing else. I tried several of the doors on either side, but they were all locked. A very handsome and spacious stair of white marble led up from the middle of the hall; but I hesitated about venturing to ascend this, and once more repaired to the bell outside, and repeated my summons. The loud clang re-echoed through the arched hall, the open door gave a responsive shake, and that was all. No one came; every thing was still as before. I was rather chagrined at this. The personal inconvenience was less offensive than the feeling how foreigners would comment on such want of propriety, what censures they would pass on such an ill-arranged household. I rang again, this time with an energy that made the door strike some of the plaster from the wall, and, with a noise like cannon, "What the hangman"—I am translating—"is all this?" cried a voice thick with passion; and on looking up I saw a rather elderly man, with a quantity of curly yellow hair, frowning savagely on me from the balcony over the stair. He made no sign of coming down, but gazed sternly at me from his eminence.

"Can I see his excellency the minister?" said I, with dignity.

"Not if you stop down there; not if you continue to ring the bell like an alarm for fire; not if you won't take the trouble to come up stairs."

I slowly began the ascent at these words, pondering what sort of a master such a man must needs have. As I gained the top I found myself in front of a very short, very fat man, dressed in a suit of striped gingham, like an over plethoric zebra, and wheezing painfully, in part from asthma, in part from agitation. He began again:

"What the hangman do you mean by such a row? Have you no manners, no education? Where were you brought up that you enter a dwelling-house like a city in storm?"

"Who is this insolent creature that dares to address me in this wise? What ignorant menial can have so far forgotten my rank and his insignificance?"

"I'll tell you all that presently," said he; "there's his excellency's bell." And he bustled away, as fast as his unwieldy size would permit, to his master's room.

I was outraged and indignant. There was I, Potts—no, Pottinger—Algernon Sydney Pottinger—on my way to Italy and Greece, turning from my direct road to consign with safety a dispatch-bag which many a less conscientious man would have chucked out of his carriage window and forgotten—there I stood to be insulted by a miserable stone-polishing, floor-scrubbing, carpet-twigging Hausknecht! Was this to be borne? was it to be endured? Was a man of station, family, and attainments to be the object of such indignity?"

Just as I had uttered this speech aloud a very gentle voice addressed me, saying:

"Perhaps I can assist you? Will you be good enough to say what you want?"

I started suddenly, looked up, and whom should I see before me but that Miss Herbert, the beautiful girl in deep mourning that I had met at Milford, and who now, in the same pale loveliness, turned on me a look of kind and gentle meaning.

"Do you remember me?" said I, eagerly. "Do you remember the traveler—a pale young man, with a Glengary cap and a plaid overcoat —who met you at Milford?"

"Perfectly," said she, with a slight twitch about the mouth like a struggle against a smile. "Will you allow me to repay you now for your politeness then? Do you wish to see his excellency?"

I'm not very sure what it was I replied, but I know well what was passing through my head. If my thoughts could have spoken it would have been in this wise:

"Angel of loveliness, I don't care a brass farthing for his excellency. It is not a matter of the slightest moment to me if I ever set eyes on him. Let me but speak to you—tell you the deep impression you have made upon my heart; how, in my ardor to serve you, I have already been involved in an altercation that might have cost me my life; how I still treasure up the few minutes I passed beside you as the Elysian dream of all my life—"

"I am certain, Sir," broke she in, while I spoke—I repeat, I know not what—"I am certain, Sir, that you never came here to mention all this to his excellency."

There was a severe gravity in the way that she said these words that recalled me to myself, but not to any consciousness of what I had been saying; and so, in my utter discomfiture, I blundered out something about the lost dispatches and the cause of my coming.

"If you'll wait a moment here," said she, opening a door into a neatly furnished room, "his excellency shall hear of your wish to see him." And before I could answer she was gone.

I was now alone, but in what wild perplexity and anxiety! How came she here? What could be the meaning of her presence in this place? The minister was an unmarried man, so much my host had told me. How then reconcile this fact with the presence of one who had left England but a few days ago, as some said, to be a governess or a companion? Oh, the agony of my doubts, the terrible agony of my dire misgivings! What a world of iniquity do we live in—what vice and corruption are ever around us! It was but a year or two ago, I remember, that the *Times* newspaper had exposed the nefarious schemes of a wretch who had deliberately invented a plan to entrap those most unprotected of all females. The adventures of this villain had become part of the police literature of Europe. Young and attractive creatures, induced to come abroad by promises of the most seductive kind, had been robbed by this man of all they possessed, and deserted here and there throughout the Continent. I was so horror-stricken by the terrors my mind had so suddenly conjured up, that I could not acquire the calm and coolness requisite for a process of reasoning. My over-active imagination, as usual, went off with me, clearing obstacles with a sweeping stride, and steeple-chasing through fact as though it were only a gallop over grass land.

"Poor girl, well might you look confused and overwhelmed at meeting me! Well might the flush of shame have spread over your neck and shoulders, and well might you have hurried away from the presence of one who had known you in the days of your happy innocence!" I'm not sure that I didn't imagine I had been her play-fellow in childhood, and that we had been brought up from infancy together. My mind then addressed itself to the practical question, What was to be done? Was I to turn my head away while this iniquity was be-

ing enacted? Was I to go on my way, forgetting the seeds of that misery whose terrible fruits must one day be a shame and an open ignominy? Or was I to arraign this man, great and exalted as he was, and say to him, "Is it thus you represent before the eyes of the foreigner the virtues of that England we boast to be the model of all morality? Is it thus you illustrate the habits of your order? Do you dare to profane what, by the fiction of diplomacy, is called the soil of your country by a life that you dare not pursue at home? The Parliament shall hear of it; the *Times* shall ring with it; that magnificent institution, the common-sense of England, long sick of what is called secret diplomacy, shall learn at last to what uses are applied the wiles and snares of this deceitful craft, its extraordinary and its private missions, its hurried messengers with their bags of corruption—"

I was well "into my work," and going along slappingly, when a very trim footman, in a nankeen jacket, said:

"If you will come this way, Sir, his excellency will see you."

He led me through three or four salons handsomely furnished and ornamented with pictures, the most conspicuous of which, in each room, was a life-sized portrait of the same gentleman, though in a different costume—now in the Windsor uniform, now as a Guardsman, and, lastly, in the full dress of the diplomatic order. I had but time to guess that this must be his excellency, when the servant announced me and retired.

It is in deep shame that I own that the aspect of the princely apartments, the silence, the implied awe of the footman's subdued words as he spoke, had so routed all my intentions about calling his excellency to account, that I stood in his presence timid and abashed. It is an ignoble confession wrung out of the very heart of my snobbery, that no sooner did I find myself before that thin, pale, gray-headed man, who, in a light silk dressing-gown and slippers, sat writing away, than I gave up my brief and inwardly resigned my place as a counsel for injured innocence.

He never raised his head as I entered, but continued his occupation without noticing me, muttering below his breath the words as they fell from his pen. "Take a seat," said he curtly, at last. Perceiving now that he was fully aware of my presence, I sat down without reply. "This bag is late, Mr. Paynter," said he, blandly, as he laid down his pen and looked me in the face.

"Your excellency will permit me, in limine, to observe that my name is not Paynter."

"Possibly, Sir," said he haughtily; "but you are evidently before me for the first time, or you would know that, like my great colleague and friend, Prince Metternich, I have made it a rule through life never to burden my memory with whatever can be spared it, and of these are the patronymics of all subordinate people; for this reason, Sir, and to this end, every cook in my establishment answers to the name of Honoré, my valet is always Pierre, my coachman Jacob, my groom is Charles, and all foreign messengers I call Paynter. The original of that appellation is, I fancy, superannuated or dead, but he lives in some twenty successors who carry canvas reticules as well as he."

"The method may be convenient, Sir, but it is scarcely complimentary," said I, stiffly.

"Very convenient," said he, complacently. "All consuls I address as Mr. Sloper. You can't fail to perceive how it saves time, and I rather think that in the end they like it themselves. When did you leave town?"

"I left on Saturday last. I arrived at Dover by the express train, and it was there that the incident befel me by which I have now the honor to stand before your excellency."

Instead of bestowing the slightest attention on this exordium of mine, he had resumed his pen and was writing away glibly as before. "Nothing new stirring when you left?" said he, carelessly.

"Nothing, Sir. But to resume my narrative of explanation—"

"Come to dinner, Paynter; we dine at six," said he, rising hastily; and, opening a glass door into a conservatory, walked away, leaving me in a mingled state of shame, anger, humiliation, and, I will state, of ludicrous embarrassment which I have no words to express.

"Dinner! No," exclaimed I, "if the alternative were a hard crust and a glass of spring water! not if I were to fast till this time tomorrow! Dine with a man who will not condescend to acknowledge even my identity, who will not deign to call me by my name, but only consents to regard me as a pebble on the seashore, a blade of grass in a wide meadow! Dine with him, to be addressed as Mr. Paynter, and to see Pierre, and Jacob, and the rest of them looking on me as one of themselves! By what prescriptive right does this man dare to insult those who, for aught he can tell, are more than his equals in ability? Does the accident—and what other can it be than accident?—of his station confer this privilege? How would he look if one were to retort with his own impertinence? What, for instance, if I were to say, 'I always call small diplomatists Bluebottles; you'll not be offended if, just for memory's sake, I address you as Bluebottle—Mr. Bluebottle, of course?'"

I was in ecstasies at this thought. It seemed to vindicate all my insulted personality, all my outraged and injured identity. "Yes," said I, "I will dine with him; six o'clock shall see me punctual to the minute, and determined to avenge the whole insulted family of the Paynters. I defy him to assert that the provocation came not from *his* side. I dare him to show cause why I should be the butt of *his* humor, any more than he of *mine*. I will be prepared to make use of his own exact words in repelling my impertinence, and say, 'Sir, you have exactly embodied *my* meaning; you have to the letter expressed what this morning I felt on being called Mr. Paynter; you have, besides this, had the opportunity of experiencing the sort of pain such an impertinence inflicts, and you are now in a position to guide you as to how far you will persist in it for the future.'"

I actually reveled in the thought of this reprisal, and longed for the moment to come in which, indolently thrown back in my chair, I should say, "Bluebottle, pass the Madeira," with some comment on the advantage all the Bluebottles have in getting their wine duty free. Then, with what sarcastic irony I should condole with him over his wearisome, dull career, eternally writing home platitudes for blue-books, making Grotius into bad grammar, and vamping up old Puffendorff for popular reading. "Ain't you sick of it all, B.-B.?" I should say, familiarly; "is not the unreality of the whole thing offensive? Don't you feel that a dispatch is a sort of formula in which Madrid might be inserted for Moscow, and what was said of Naples might be predicated of Norway?" I disputed a long time with myself at what precise period of the entertainment I should unmask my battery and open fire. Should it be in the drawing-room, before dinner? Should it be immediately after the soup, with the first glass of sherry? Ought I to wait till the dessert, and that time when a sort of easy intimacy had been established which might be supposed to prompt candor and frankness? Would it not be in better taste to defer it till the servants had left the room? To expose him to his household seemed scarcely fair.

These were all knotty points, and I revolved them long and carefully, as I came back to my hotel through the same silent street.

CHAPTER XIV.

"DON'T keep a place for me at the table d'hôte to-day, Kramm," said I, in an easy carelessness; "I dine with his excellency. I couldn't well get off the first day, but to-morrow I promise you to pronounce upon your good cheer."

I suppose I am not the first man who has derived consequence from the invitation it has cost him misery to accept. How many in this world of snobbery have felt that the one sole recompense for long nights of ennui was the fact that their names figured among the distinguished guests in the next day's *Post*?

"It is not a grand dinner, to-day, is it?" asked Kramm.

"No, no, a merely family party; we are very old chums, and have much to talk over."

"You will then go in plain black, and with nothing but your 'decorations.'"

"I will wear none," said I, "none; not even a ribbon." And I turned away to hide the shame and mortification his suggestion had provoked.

Punctually at six o'clock I arrived at the legation; four powdered footmen were in the hall, and a decent-looking personage in black preceded me up the stairs, and opened the double doors into the drawing-room, without however announcing me, or paying the slightest attention to my mention of "Mr. Pottinger."

Laying down his newspaper as I entered, his excellency came forward with his hand out, and though it was the least imaginable touch, and his bow was grandly ceremonious, his smile was courteous and his manner bland.

"Charmed to find you know the merit of punctuality," said he. "To the untraveled English, six means seven, or even later. You may serve dinner, Robins. Strange weather we are having," continued he, turning to me; "cold, raw, and uncongenial."

We talked "barometer" till, the door opening, the maître d'hôtel announced, "His excellency is served;" a rather unpolite mode, I thought, of ignoring his company, and which was even more strongly impressed by the fact that he walked in first, leaving me to follow.

At the table a third "cover" was just being speedily removed as we entered, a fact that smote at my heart like a blow. The dinner began, and went on with little said; a faint question from the minister as to what the dish contained and a whispered reply constituted most of the talk, and an occasional cold recommendation to me to try this or that entrée. It was admirable in all its details, the cookery exquisite, the wines delicious, but there was an oppression in the solemnity of it all that made me sigh repeatedly. Had the butler been serving a high mass his motions at the side-board could scarcely have been more reverential.

"If you don't object to the open air, we'll take our coffee on the terrace," said his excellency; and we soon found ourselves on a most charming elevation, surrounded on three sides with orange-trees, the fourth opening a magnificent view over a fine landscape with the Taunus mountains in the distance.

"I can offer you at least a good cigar," said the minister, as he selected with great care two from the number on a silver plateau before him. "These, I think, you will find recommendable; they are grown for myself at Cuba, and prepared after a recipe only known to one family."

In all this there was a dignified civility, not at all like the impertinent freedom of his manner in the morning. He never, besides, addressed me as Mr. Paynter; in fact, he did not advert to a name at all, not giving me the slightest pretext for that reprisal I had come so charged with; and as to opening the campaign myself, I'd as soon have commenced acquaintance with a tiger by a pull at his tail. We were now alone; the servants had retired, and there we sat, silently smoking our cigars in apparent ease, but one of us at least in a frame of mind the very opposite to tranquillity. What a rush and conflict of thought was in my head! Why had not *she* dined with us? Was her position such as that the presence of a stranger became an embarrassment? Good Heaven! was I to suppose this, that, and the other? What was there in this man that so imposed on me that when I wanted to speak I only could sigh, and that I felt his presence like some overpowering spell? It was that calm, self-contained, quiet manner—cold rather than austere, courteous without cordiality—that chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. Lecture *him* on the private moralities of his life! ask *him* to render me an account of his actions! address *him* as Bluebottle!—"

"With such tobacco as that one can drink Bordeaux," said he. "Help yourself."

And I did help myself—freely, repeatedly. I drank for courage, as a man might drink from thirst or fever, or for strength in a moment of fainting debility. The wine was exquisite, and my heart beat more forcibly, and I felt it.

I can not follow very connectedly the course of events; I neither know how the conversation glided into politics, nor what I said on that subject. As to the steps by which I succeeded in obtaining his excellency's confidence, I know as little as a man does of the precise moment in which he is wet through in a Scotch mist. I have a dim memory of talking in a very dictatorial voice, and continually referring to my "entrance into public life," with reference to what Peel "said," and what the Duke "told me."

"What's the use of writing home?" said his excellency, in a desponding voice. "For the last five years I have called attention to what is going on here: nobody minds, nobody heeds it. Open any blue-book you like, and will you find one solitary dispatch from Hesse-Kalbbratenstadt?"

"I can not call one to mind."

"Of course you can't. Would you believe it, when the Zeringer party went out, and the Schlaffdorfers came in, I was rebuked—actually rebuked—for sending off a special messenger with the news? And then came out a dispatch in cipher, which being interpreted contained this stupid doggerel:

> "'Strange that such difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.'

I ask, Sir, is it thus the affairs of a great country can be carried on? The efforts of Russia here are incessant: a certain personage—I will mention no names—loves caviar, he likes it fresh, there is a special estafette established to bring it! I learned, by the most insidious researches, his fondness for English cheese; I lost no time in putting the fact before the cabinet I represented, that while timid men looked tremblingly toward France, the thoughtful politician saw the peril of Hesse-Kalbbratenstadt. I urged them to lose no time: 'The grand-duchess has immense influence—countermine her,' said I, 'countermine her with a Stilton;' and, would you believe it, Sir, they have not so much as sent out a Chedder! What will the people of England say one of these days when they learn, as learn they shall, that at this mission here I am alone—that I have neither secretary nor attaché, paid or unpaid—that since the Crimean war the whole weight of the legation has been thrown upon me—nor is this all, but that a systematic course of treachery—I can't call it lies—has been adopted to entrap me, if such were possible? My dispatches are unreplied to, my questions all unanswered. I stand here with the peace of Europe in my hands, and none to counsel nor advise me. What will you say, Sir, to the very last dispatch I have received from Downing Street? It runs thus:

"'I am instructed by his lordship to inform you that he views with indifference your statement of the internal condition of the grand-duchy, but is much struck by your charge for sealing-wax.

"'I have, Sir, etc.'

"This is no longer to be endured. A public servant who has filled some of the most responsible of official stations—I was eleven years at Tragotà, in the Argentine Republic; I was a chargé at Oohululoo for eight months—the only European who ever survived an autumn there; they then sent me special to Cabanhos to negotiate the Salt-sprat treaty; after that—"

Here my senses grew muddy: the gray, dim light, the soft influences of a good dinner and a sufficiency of wine, the drowsy tenor of the minister's voice, all conspired, and I slept as soundly as if in my bed. My next conscious moment was as his excellency moved his chair back, and said,

"I think a cup of tea would be pleasant; let us come into the drawing-room."

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.

THE night is very still and dark,
The trees look slumberous through the Park,
The glimmering gas-lamps, here and there,
Like steadfast fire-flies, dot the air;
An autumn calm is over the town,
Unfelt the autumn dews come down,
The waiting crowd is calm and dumb
'Till breaks the outburst of "They come—
The firemen of New York!"

A thread of flame around the square,
A rosy light that fills the air,
A hum of voices—then a sound
Of marching feet that shakes the ground,
And phalanx after phalanx comes
To whistling fifes and beating drums,
While distant cheers, like wave on wave,
Surge upward, welcoming the brave—
The firemen of New York!

Bathed in a yellow foam of light
The red shirts gleam athwart the night,
And down the long illumined line
A thousand burnished helmets shine,
While like a fiery snake they wind,
With truck and engine trailed behind,
And the black sky is split with cheers
Of welcome to the volunteers—
The firemen of New York!

Soaring to heaven, from torch on torch,
As the bands pass the royal porch
A thousand fiery fountains play,
The night is almost turned to day,
A sea of light flows every where,
A golden powder fills the air;
The dreaded foe to them is tame,
For, Kings of Fire, they play with flame—
The firemen of New York!

Another glory than that of light
Decked with its splendor that autumn night;
A glory reaching wider and higher
Than all the fountains of yellow fire—
A lesson that should have burned its truth
Into the heart of the royal youth,
Of the magical change by Freedom wrought,
How men may be brave and yet unbought,
Like the firemen of New York!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ON Sunday, October 14, the Prince attended service at Trinity Church, and lunched at the British Consul's. On Monday he took his departure from New York in the *Harriett Lane* for West Point, where he arrived in the afternoon. His reception there, and his review of the cadets are mentioned in another column. On Tuesday he left West Point in the *Daniel Drew*, and steamed up to Albany, where he was received by Governor Morgan and the State authorities. After spending an hour or two at the Capitol he repaired to the Governor's residence, and dined there, Governor Seward and others being guests. On Wednesday he took a special train for Springfield, and thence to Boston, where he arrived late in the afternoon. He was conducted to his quarters by the Boston authorities, an immense crowd following. On Thursday the Prince witnessed a great Bell and Everett procession; then received Ralph Farnham, the survivor of Bunker Hill; reviewed the troops on Boston Common; attended a musical entertainment at the Music Hall; and went to the ball in the evening. On Friday the Prince of Wales and suite visited Harvard College, and examined all the objects of interest at that venerable seat of learning. They subsequently visited Mount Auburn Cemetery, Bunker Hill, and the Charlestown Navy Yard. The royal party were received by immense crowds of citizens and with great enthusiasm wherever they went. In the evening they visited the Boston Public Library. The party left Boston on Saturday morning in a special train for Portland.

PRAYER-BOOKS FOR THE PRINCE.

"At Trinity Church, New York," says the *Herald* reporter, "three front pews in the centre aisle were reserved for the accommodation of the royal party. In one of them, and immediately in front of the Prince's seat, two magnificent prayer-books were deposited—the one a small octavo size, the other a half quarto. They were both got up in the most perfect style of typographical art, and the skill of the binder had exhausted itself on the exterior decorations. The large prayer-book was bound in bright-red morocco, and was fastened by a golden clasp, chastely embellished with filigree work. The clasp alone cost the sum of $250. On the outer cover it bore this inscription:

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,
FROM
THE CORPORATION OF
TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK,
IN MEMORY OF THE MUNIFICENCE
OF THE
CROWN OF ENGLAND.

"The clasp of this book was finely worked with the Prince of Wales' plume and the motto 'Ich Dien.' It was altogether a beautiful gift, well worthy of Trinity Church and the royal Prince.

"The smaller prayer-book was bound in something like brown morocco, and clasped by two ornamented silver clasps. The binding was firm and tasteful. On the inner front cover was a beautifully inlaid representation of the crown and garter, and on the other side the following inscription:

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES,
FROM
FRANCIS VINTON, D.D.,
FRED. OGILBY, D.D.,
THE CLERGYMEN IN CHARGE OF
TRINITY CHURCH,
NEW YORK,
AS A MEMORIAL OF THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY, OCTOBER 14, 1860.

"The frontispiece is a very fine engraving of our blessed Saviour."

AN IRISHMAN INSULTS HIM.

On the Prince's departure from New York, shortly after the vessel had reached the centre of the stream, one unhappy Hibernian said, with a sigh of relief, "An' sure an' he's gone, and may he never come back!" for which unfortunate speech he received a buffet on the side of the head that nearly sent him into the water. The police, however, prevented any further disturbance.

HE FINDS IT COLD.

On the way to West Point, the Prince walked about upon the upper deck, and found it cold; went into the pilot-house, and found that still colder; and finally went down upon the main deck, under the awning, and remained there most of the time during the trip, conversing with Mr. Collector Schell, and other gentlemen of the party. He seemed more lively and talkative than he has appeared before since the hunt upon the Illinois prairies; and expressed very freely his gratification at his reception in New York, and especially with the firemen's parade. He said that he had seen a great many soldiers before, but never such firemen. "Fine-looking fellows!" he added.

HE WILL RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY.

During the conversation the Prince, as well as General Bruce and the Duke of Newcastle, expressed his satisfaction with his entire reception here, and his regret that he could not have passed more time here and visited the

Southern States. He said that he should certainly revisit the United States, at no very distant day, and would come during the winter, for the special purpose of taking a tour through the Southern States.

HE WOULDN'T GO TO A CADET'S HOP.

The cadets invited the Prince to a hop, and he wouldn't come. The ladies said that it was the fault of the Duke of Newcastle. The officers' wives said that the Prince "should come out like a man. It was too bad to keep the cadets shivering—actually shivering—in the cold so long, and then refuse to give them a little innocent recreation." The men grumbled, and did something worse. Water was universally voted to have "a taste of sinners," and something stronger was in great favor. The persons who invited the Prince were sought after. "Why did he refuse?" asked the ladies. "Because the Duke said he was too fatigued," answered the committee. A dead silence followed, and a general giving up of the affair, with deep sighing by the ladies.

HE GETS ANGRY WITH THE CROWD.

At West Point he played a game at nine-pins. The nine-pin alley is a long, low building, with plenty of windows, only a short distance from the house. Those who did go and look in at the windows had a fine view of the Prince, and the Prince had a fine view of them. The party were rolling away, while the Earl St. Germans was amusing himself all alone with a billiard table, when the Prince, looking up, saw the crowd outside the windows. "They're looking in at us," said he; "this is too bad." Then walking up to the window, he said to those outside, in a fussy, nervous manner, "Go away from the window." Three times during the evening this was repeated, his Royal Highness obviously out of humor, and apparently anxious to go to the ball which the cadets didn't have.

HOW HE PLAYS NINE-PINS.

The royal party roll very badly. Any of our New Yorkers could beat the whole string, and not half try. A "ten strike" is a matter of congratulation with the whole party, all clapping their hands, and saying "good." Eliot, rolling a slow, large ball, makes the most hits. St. Germans rolls with a theatrical air, remaining in position till his ball stops, or is stopped by the boys, the latter happening more frequently. Newcastle's balls are like himself, slow and strong, sure to do execution somewhere, either among the pins or the boys. Teasdale not only takes off his coat, like the rest, but bares his arm, but don't hit the pins any the better for this display of muscle. Dr. Ackland says that he rolls for exercise, and its likely that he does, for he certainly don't roll to hit or to win. The Prince takes the small or pony balls, and misses very accurately, generally landing his ball in one of the gutters upon either side of the alley, or in the stomach of the small boy who sets up the pins which happen to topple over.

HE READS THE LONDON "TIMES."

On his way from Albany to Boston the Prince passed the time in reading, and sat away from the window, paying no attention to the country through which the road passed. He read attentively the London *Times*, with an article reviewing the *Herald's* editorial on the Orange disturbances, and sent after the paper when it was accidentally removed.

THE PRINCE CAN'T BEAR GAS.

The party reached the hotel at Boston about half past five. The rooms are elegantly furnished; but, as usual, the party dispense with chandeliers, and use only wax-candles, gas being considered unhealthy by Europeans.

ONE OF THE SUITE GETS SNUBBED.

On the way to the Hotel Mr. Engleheart, who is always putting his foot in it, asked one of the citizens, in relation to soldiers' dress, "Where the men got their red coats?" "They took them in '76," was the witty but sarcastic reply.

THE PRINCE MEETS RALPH FARNHAM.

By appointment Ralph Farnham, the Revolutionary veteran, had an interview with the Prince on Thursday. The meeting was very cordial. The Duke of Newcastle, who, with most of the suite, was present, asked the veteran if he saw Burgoyne when he surrendered, adding, "You rather had him there." The old soldier then remarked, chucklingly, that hearing so much said in praise of the Prince, he began to fear that the people were turning royalists. This and Mr. Farnham's manner elicited much laughter, in which the Prince joined. The Prince then sent for pen and ink and exchanged autographs with his visitor—one of the men who had stood before British soldiers in 1776, in a manner and with a bearing very different from that with which he received the Prince's courtesies and exchanged glances with the majors, colonels, and guardsmen of the suite this morning. Mr. Farnham speaks of the interview with the greatest pleasure, and says that he wished to show the boy and his soldiers that he bore no anger for old times. The old man represents the general feeling.

HE IS NEARLY KILLED BY A VASE OF FLOWERS.

The ball opened something like that in New York; for all the committees, being anxious to speak to the Prince and leaning forward to do so, crash went a large vase of flowers, scattering its contents over the Prince. There were profuse apologies, but the Prince was laughing so heartily that he could not hear or speak.

HE COMPLAINS OF HAVING TO DANCE WITH "OLD CHAPS."

At the ball the Prince was by no means ignored by the young ladies of the foreign legations, to one of the loveliest of whom he remarked slyly, "They made me dance with the old chaps in Canada."

HOW THE PRINCE GOT INTO THE BALL.

We read in the New York *Times*: "It has been very confidently asserted that the Prince of Wales, on appearing at the Academy Ball in a blue waistcoat with gold buttons, was refused admitance by the modern Petronius who presided over the Committee of Reception, and forced to return to his hotel, there to don the regulation black, which we have the high authority of Mr. Peter Cooper for regarding as the *ne plus ultra* of full dress.

"We are assured that all this is entirely wide of the record. The first glory of the gas-lights which fell upon the form of England's royal heir did indeed amaze the venerable arbiter of New York elegance with an azure gleam about the Prince's youthful breast. But on throwing back the lapels of the Prince's coat, and completely inspecting his under-garments, it was discovered that the objectionable effect was produced by the broad blue ribbon of the Garter; and although in the circular of the committee no exception had been made in favor of this article of attire, yet, after much deliberation, in which a clergyman, a hatter, a judge, and two medical men took part, it was finally decided that if garters were excluded in one case they must be in all cases, and the Prince was accordingly permitted to pass. Such are the excellent results of confiding festive entertainments not to the young and giddy and frivolous, but to the gouty, the infirm, and the meditative; not to the worldly-minded votaries of pleasure, but to the pious devotees of percentage, and the straitest professors of the straitest sects."

NEW OCEAN STEAMERS.

The *Times* says: "We understand that Commodore Vanderbilt is about to build two fast passenger steamers for his transatlantic line. They are to be constructed of wood, and braced in the most substantial manner. Their length is to be 400 feet, beam 55 feet, and depth only 17 to 18 feet. There will be no solid bulwarks of the ordinary kind, but the decks will be as thick and solid as the bottom of the ship, and the deck-houses—instead of being light panel work—will be constructed like the sides of a ship, with bull's-eye lights. These structures will also be sharp, like a ship's bow, to divide the water. The deck and the structures upon it will thus form the upper web of a girder, and will give the vessel great stiffness. The ships will have two beam engines like the *Vanderbilt's*, with 100-inch cylinders, by 16 feet stroke. The paddle-wheels will be 50 feet in diameter by 12 feet bucket. This construction of engine is in accordance with the best practice on the North River, as well as the successful experience of Commodore Vanderbilt's ocean ships."

A TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN WILSON.

The sum of $3305 has already been subscribed in this city for a testimonial to Captain Wilson and the crew of the bark *Minnie Schiffer*, who so gallantly rescued the passengers and crew of the steamship *Connaught*, recently destroyed by fire at sea.

A MAN MURDERS HIS DAUGHTERS.

We read in the New Haven *Journal* of October 12: "A horrible double murder was perpetrated on Monday evening, in Bridgewater, Litchfield County. A man by the name of David Villets, a hatter by trade, while in a fit of passion, or temporary insanity, murdered his two daughters, aged eleven and fifteen years respectively, and then attempted to put an end to his own existence by cutting his throat. Villets is about forty years of age, has always lived in Bridgeport, and has been always considered a steady, temperate man.

"The circumstances connected with this heart-sickening affair are about as follows: Villets occupied, with his second wife, a small shanty house in the town, and his two daughters, by his first wife, lived with them. Nothing was known of the matter until the following morning, when (says the Bridgeport *Standard*) he rapped on the window and attracted the attention of a person who was passing. Of course there was a great gathering at the place, and a physician was sent for. Villet's throat was sewed up, and he was able to tell what he had done, but was not disposed to say much, remarking that he supposed he should be examined, etc. His manner was perfectly rational. If insane at the time of committing the murders, he had apparently recovered. It is stated that several of his connections by the mother's side have been deranged.

"A few months since he was in the employment of Messrs. Sanford, at Bridgewater, but left them, or was discharged. He had been at work in Brooklyn and other places, but had not been able to obtain a permanent situation. Last week he returned home, and, it is said, proposed to give up housekeeping—his wife to go home to her connections in Massachusetts, and his daughters, he said, he would place with the Shakers.

"His wife (not the mother of his girls) left on Monday, and he, it is said, attended her to the cars. Nothing unusual appeared in his manner; and it was noticed that his daughters went some distance to meet him on his return. It is thought that he may have had some difficulty with his wife, but this seems to be mere conjecture. His first wife died some years since. He has been reputed to be a man of sober habits. It is supposed that, being in needy circumstances, he had become dejected, and probably deranged. The victims were found as if sleeping. They probably died without a struggle; the first blows—which were inflicted with a hammer—having destroyed all consciousness.

"It is thought that Villets will recover. He is now confined in Litchfield County Jail."

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

An aged gentleman, a planter in one of the Southern States, has just died, leaving a fortune of $100,000, which is to be disposed of according to the provisions of his will, and that document is as follows:

"I bequeath all my effects to the children of my brother, on the following conditions: Desirous of marking my sense of the service which my Newfoundland dog rendered me in saving my life one day when I was drowning, and wishing also to provide for my housekeeper, I appoint my said housekeeper nurse, tutor, and mother to my dog. My natural heirs shall, on this account, pay to her, out of my entire fortune, a daily sum in the following manner: The daily payment shall continue so long as the dog shall live, not one second longer. During the first year after my decease, or for so much of it as the dog shall live, my housekeeper shall receive $5 a day; the second year she shall receive $10 a day; the third year $15; and so on, until the death of the dog. In the course of the month in which the dog shall die, there shall be paid to my housekeeper for every day of the dog's existence $125. On the day of his death, she shall be paid per hour of the dog's life $250. In the last hour of his life, she shall receive for every minute that he lives $375, and for every second of the last minute $500. My notary is charged with superintending the carrying out of my will."

This eccentric gentleman appears to have entertained for his dog sentiments similar to Byron's. What the heirs will think or do we can not say, but we shall be much surprised if that dog lives many hours longer. Supposing him to die at 59 minutes and 59 seconds after 5 o'clock on the 30th day of the month, the sum to be paid to the housekeeper would be:

30 days,	at $125	$3,750
11 hours,	at $250	2,750
59 minutes,	at $375	22,125
59 seconds,	at $500	29,500
	Total	$58,125

PERSONAL.

Jacob Collamer was on 16th re-elected United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next. In the Senate the vote stood 27 to 1, and in the House 198 to 24. Paul Dillingham received the opposition votes.

Senator Douglas has been stumping Michigan, and has been well received.

Senator Seward continues to address the Republicans of this State.

Senator Hamlin was in Boston when the Prince arrived, and assisted at his reception.

Mr. Yancey, of Alabama, has been making speeches throughout this State. He has not achieved much success.

In the arrangements for the ball to be given to the Prince of Wales at Boston (says the *National Intelligencer*), the name of Josiah Quincy was asked to be used in the Committee of Management. To the request his answer is so well phrased that, in itself, it presents a remarkable illustration of continued strength of intellect. Mr. Q. will attain, if he lives, his ninetieth birthday in February next. He was a guest of John Hancock at a brilliant dinner-party. He has been the associate of all the master minds who formed the Republic. He was subject to the Crown at his birth, and lived to see the struggles of the Revolution—the creation of an empire. He is to-day the most interesting man in the nation—by association and by personal worth, and by the possession of a vigorous intellect in that day of life when to the mass of mankind the light of the brain has set.

The Prince of Wales had a dangerous rival at Boston in the person of Prince Leo T. Lloyd, a "gentleman from Africa," in whose veins courses the blood of the royal family of Nubia. Prince Leo is now a citizen and merchant of Liberia, and is visiting Massachusetts. His friends and admirers gave him a ball and supper at the Prospect House, Waltham, on Monday evening. About twenty-five couples were assembled, including guests from Washington, New York, Baltimore, and the West Indies, and Miss Vaugh was the fortunate partner of the Prince in the first dance. The supper and ball were both successful, and Prince Leo expressed his royal satisfaction.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE Queen remains on the Continent, at Coburg, and was not expected to return home till 20th October. The Prince Consort has had an accident, which is thus described by the London *Court Journal*: "On the return of the Prince Consort to Coburg on Monday, the 1st inst., for shooting, the horses of his carriage ran away. His royal highness jumped out, but has not been hurt beyond a scratch on his face. We are happy to say that a telegram has been received from Lord John Russell, dated from Coburg, on Tuesday afternoon, to the effect that H.R.H. the Prince Consort is going on quite satisfactorily. The injuries he received were not of a serious character."

BETROTHAL OF THE SISTER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which stated a few days since that on the return of her Majesty from Coburg the betrothal of the Princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt would be officially made known at Darmstadt, now states that this intelligence is only inexact as to the place named, and that the event will be celebrated at Mayence instead. Prince Louis is the son of Prince Charles (brother to the reigning Grand Duke) and the Princess Elizabeth of Prussia (daughter of Prince William, uncle to the King), and was born on September 12, 1837. The same journal further states that her Majesty will reside two entire days at Mayence, and that the Rheinische Hof Hotel has been selected for the royal sojourn. The English Minister at Frankfort, Sir Alexander Malet, continues to make preparations for a great banquet to be held at his hotel on the arrival of her Majesty in Frankfort.

A BOY BAKED IN AN OVEN.

The London papers say: "A boy named Frederick Drake, son of a baker, of 57 Princess Street, Lambeth, met with a fearful and fatal accident on the morning of the 26th ult. At the inquest held on his body on Wednesday evening by Mr. Langham, in the Westminster Hospital, it appeared that his father had cautioned deceased from going on to the oven, because on the previous Sunday some dust had fallen in. Robert Lawrence, in Drake's employment, said he was with the deceased a little before eight o'clock on the morning of the 26th ult. The deceased, as usual, went on the crown of the arch for some wood to light the kitchen fire. The father was out at the time. He (witness) took up a board of bread into the shop, and while placing the loaves round the shop on the shelves he heard frightful screams proceeding from the bakehouse, and being joined by his fellow-servant they ran down stairs, and found that the poor boy was in the oven, but owing to the dust and smoke they were unable to extricate him for a space of about three minutes. The jury returned the following verdict: 'That the deceased died from the effects of burns, consequent on falling into an oven, and that there was considerable neglect in not having had the oven repaired.'"

FRANCE.

REINFORCEMENT OF THE FRENCH GARRISON AT ROME.

The *Moniteur* contains the following: "The Emperor has decided upon immediately reinforcing the corps of occupation at Rome, by sending a division of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The Sardinian Government has been informed that General Guyon has received instructions authorizing him to extend his action so far as the military conditions to which it is naturally subordinate will permit him. It only appertains to the great Powers assembled in Congress to pronounce once for all on the questions which have arisen in Italy out of late events; but until then the government of the Emperor, in conformity with the mission which it has imposed on itself, will continue to discharge the duties resulting from its sympathies with the Holy Father and from the presence of our flag in the capital of the Catholic world. The reply given to the Duke de Codore contained the assurance that nobody deplored more than the Emperor the course taken by Sardinia. Under actual circumstances, however, the use of force, instead of diminishing, would but aggravate the evil, by plunging Italy into a struggle from which a general war might arise. The reply also stated that, in order to afford an efficacious protection to the Holy See, the French army in the Papal States would be increased to 24,000 men, whose mission would be to make the patrimony of St. Peter respected—this 'patrimony,' properly so called, comprising a population of 420,000 souls, and including Rome, Civita Vecchia, and Viterbo. Marshal Vaillant, the defender of Rome in 1849, will, in case of need, assume the command in chief of the army of occupation, should the patrimony of St. Peter be threatened by Garibaldi or Piedmont."

PARIS GOSSIP.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Albion* furnishes the following gossip, operatic and other: "Each café has its frequenters, and often its special supporters. At the Café Cardinal, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, during the first fortnight of September, are gathered all the artist singers disengaged or enjoying their vacation. I saw there, the other day, the veteran Badiali, who is soon to appear on the Italian stage of Paris; Geo. Ronconi, so long and so justly applauded in London; the tenors Mirata and Carrion; and Carolina Alajmo, with the splendid black eyes; and Gazzaniga, who is about to leave us for Lisbon. I think, too, I recognized M. Ullman. He was going from one to the other singer; augmenting or diminishing his deafness, as was required by his part of *impresario* and as the skillful doctor that he is. The European voyage of your Italian Opera Director will probably supply you soon with new and celebrated artists, and perhaps with the most remarkable among those of whom I have been speaking. After the cafés, that which attracts my attention chiefly is not the luxury and magnificence of the shops that line the Boulevart des Italiens; it is the windows of the dealers in photographs. What a collection of portraits! What portrait-visiting cards, above all! Among them I see a prodigious number of feminine names—the most romantic, the most eccentric, the softest, the commonest! And these at the side, costing a franc apiece, are likenesses of *petites dames*. Do not ask who, or at least what these are. You may see them pass every afternoon. There she is, alone in an open carriage; her face besmeared with white and red; her eyes fixed, and made to look larger at the corner of the lids by aid of a blackened pin, and her hair frizzled over her brow in the delicious mode that is justly called *à la chien*. That the crowd looks at these *petites dames* as they drive by I do not wonder; but that such plastered, painted, wrinkled, and brazen-faced creatures should be taken as models for the toilet by the most respectable women of Paris—this does surprise me greatly. In other days, the women *comme il faut* took pains to distinguish themselves from the women *comme il en faut*. To-day I scarcely perceive any external difference between the best and the worst of Parisian society. It is pretended that this sad change is owing to the Revolution of 1848, and the invasion of democratic notions. I believe rather that we must attribute the transformation in the manners of France to the general use of the cigar and the universal worship of gold. At any rate, on the Champs Elysées and in the Bois de Boulogne, as on the Boulevards, men smoke prodigiously, and adopt a free-and-easy deportment, in the worst possible taste. The public here is far removed from that of Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens at the hours of fashionable promenade."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT AT A CIRCUS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says:

"A very serious downfall has occurred at the Hippodrome. Yesterday, when performing what is termed the 'aerian trip,' in which the actors form a sort of pyramidal ascension one hundred feet above the level of the ground, the three performers—a Mademoiselle Louise and Monsieurs Hypolite and Francois—were, by the breaking of one of the ropes, hurled to the ground, and now lay, if not actually dead, without hope of recovery. They were observed to turn over as they came down, and fall with fearful heaviness. The performance was instantly brought to a close. Medical aid found them still breathing, but apparently beyond all hope of life. An agonizing shriek broke from the audience at the appalling accident, and many fainted. The manner of the performance is in this wise: two men take their stations on two ropes; while thus poised on the tight ropes, the girl stands above them, partly resting on the shoulder of one while balancing her foot on the balance pole of the other. In this manner the three ascend till they reach the climax, the altitude of one hundred feet above the level, and it was just there that one of the ropes snapped, and all three were violently precipitated to the earth."

ITALY.

RUMORED VICTORIES OF GARIBALDI.

It is stated, *via* Genoa, that Garibaldi had sent a dispatch to Naples, dated the 1st inst., announcing a victory along the whole line, and that the royal troops were being pursued. The *Dielte*, of Turin, published dispatches, dated Naples the 2d inst., stating that the royal troops were repulsed from Caserta, and were surrounded. The Garibaldians made two thousand prisoners. The above victories lack confirmation.

WHAT NAPOLEON WANTS.

It is reported that Napoleon, in reply to the Pope, maintained the non-intervention principles, and while promising to maintain order in the Holy See, his desire was to consign Rome to the protection of a genuine Italian Power.

THE POPE BEGS FOR HELP.

A summary of the Pope's allocution at the Consistory, of the 28th ult., is published. He reproves and condemned in the strongest terms the detestable and sacrilegious attack of the King and Government of Piedmont. He protested, and would not cease to protest, against their acts, which he declared null and of no effect. He eulogized and blessed his defenders, and called on the European Powers for assistance. He deplored the disastrous and pernicious policy of non-intervention, and called on the Powers to examine seriously into its dangerous effects, and concluded by expressing his conviction that the Catholic princes and people would yet come to the assistance of the Father of the Faithful, who is attacked by the parricidal arms of a degenerate son.

SARDINIA CEDES NO MORE TERRITORY,

In the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, Cadello demanded the production of all documents relating to the entry of the Sardinians into Umbria and the Marches.

Count Cavour refused to comply; he also declared that there existed neither public document nor private treaty; that no conversations or no negotiations had taken place; that no Power had made any proposition involving the cessation of a single inch of Italian territory. He pronounced the statements to the contrary utterly false.

VICTOR EMANUEL TAKES THE COMMAND OF HIS ARMY.

The following order of the day of his Majesty the King of Sardinia has been issued:

"ANCONA, *October 4*.

"Soldiers!—I am satisfied with you, because you are worthy of Italy. By arms you have vanquished your enemies, and by conduct the calumniators of the Italian name.

"The mercenaries whom I set free will speak of Italy and of you in foreign countries, after having learned that God recompenses those who serve him, and not those who oppress people and despise the right of nations. We must establish a strong Italian monarchy on the liberty of peoples who will aid us with order and concord. The national army will increase more and more the glory which since eight centuries has shone on the cross of Savoy.

"Soldiers, I take the command. It would cost me too much not to be foremost wherever there may be danger."

GARIBALDI'S ORDER OF THE DAY.

The following is a late order of the day from Garibaldi:

"CASERTA, *September 27, 1860*.

"Our head-quarters are at Caserta. Our brothers of the Italian army, under the gallant Cialdini, are fighting and conquering the enemies of Italy. The army of Lamoricière is routed by these gallant men. The whole of the Papal provinces are free. Ancona is ours. The brave soldiers of the Northern army have passed the frontier, and are in the Neapolitan territory. In a short time (*fra poco*) we shall have the happiness of embracing them.

"G. GARIBALDI."

GERMANY.

AUSTRIA PREPARING FOR WAR.

At the commencement of the present year the Austrian Emperor, by means of an autograph letter, informed his subjects that no recruits would be "conscribed" in 1860; but an order has now been issued to raise 85,000 men "for the year 1861" by the end of December, 1860. All the naval officers who were on furlough have received orders to return to their posts immediately. The whole of the Austrian army in Italy has been placed in a state of "preparation for war" (Kriegsbereitschaft), but not on full war footing (Kriegsfuss).

A CURIOUS DUEL.

A truly romantic duel was lately fought in the environs of the not very romantic capital of Prussia. A young lady, it is stated of good family, having accidentally come into possession of a challenge addressed to her lover, resolved upon withholding the letter and fighting herself. Incredible as it may appear, this intention she carried out. Dressed in manly habiliments she met the challenger in Jungfern Haide, a forest in the neighborhood of the capital, and her opponent having but once seen, and that imperfectly at night, the man who had offended him, unconsciously accepted the new-comer as his legitimate foe. Distances were measured, seconds placed, pistols fired, when the lady came off scatheless, after wounding her antagonist in the shoulder. The name of the fighting fair is unknown; but a judicial inquiry having been set on foot concerning the crime of "intentional manslaughter," the details of the affair will probably soon gratify the curiosity of the public.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

ANOTHER FILIBUSTER SHOT.

The *Herald* says: "Our advices from Panama last week brought the important intelligence that ex-President Mora, his brother, General Canas, and Colonel Arancibia, who had made a filibuster descent from Sal Salvador on Costa Rica, had been defeated and captured at Punta Arenas, and incontinently shot.

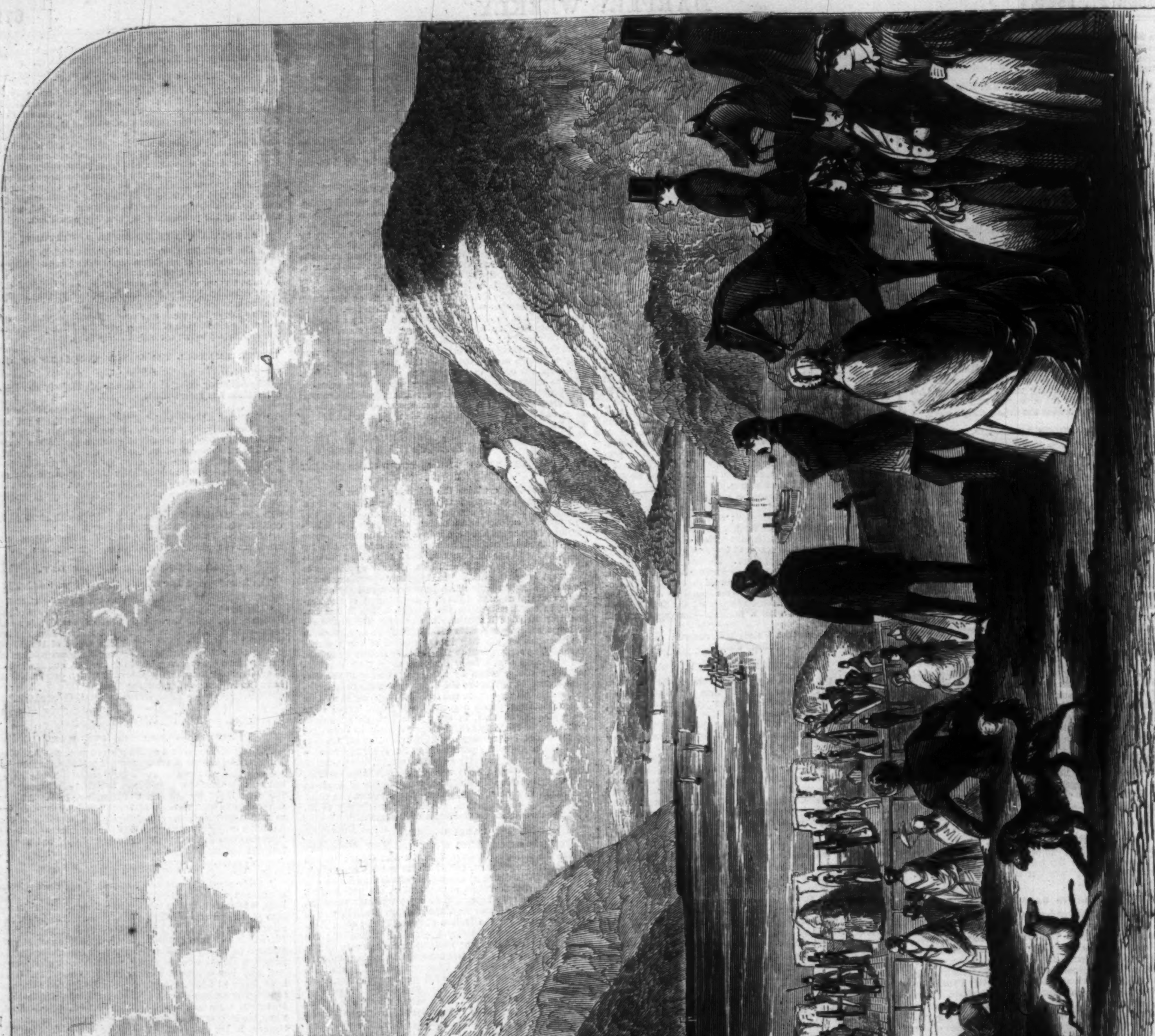
"There is a curious coincidence in the deaths, at so nearly the same time, of Mora and Walker, and under such similar circumstances. When Walker was at the highest of his career in Nicaragua, Mora was President of Costa Rica, and was the soul of the desperate resistance to the then advancing wave of filibusterism."

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

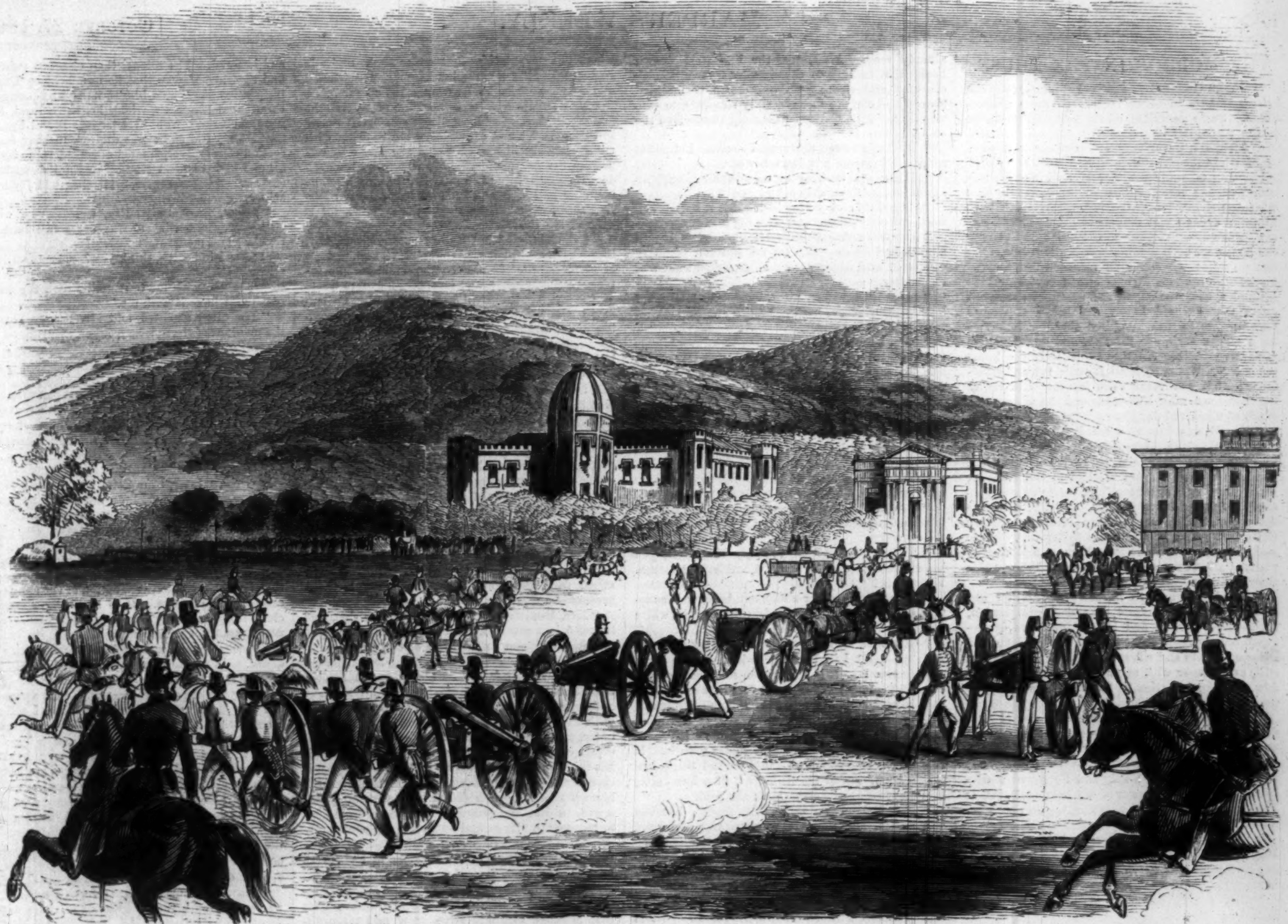
THE REVIEW AT WEST POINT.

WE publish on the two following pages a series of illustrations of the visit of the Prince of Wales to West Point, where he spent Tuesday. He was received with the highest honors known to the service; and after visiting the Commandant, and riding round the place, was invited to review the cadets. The review is thus described in the *Herald*:

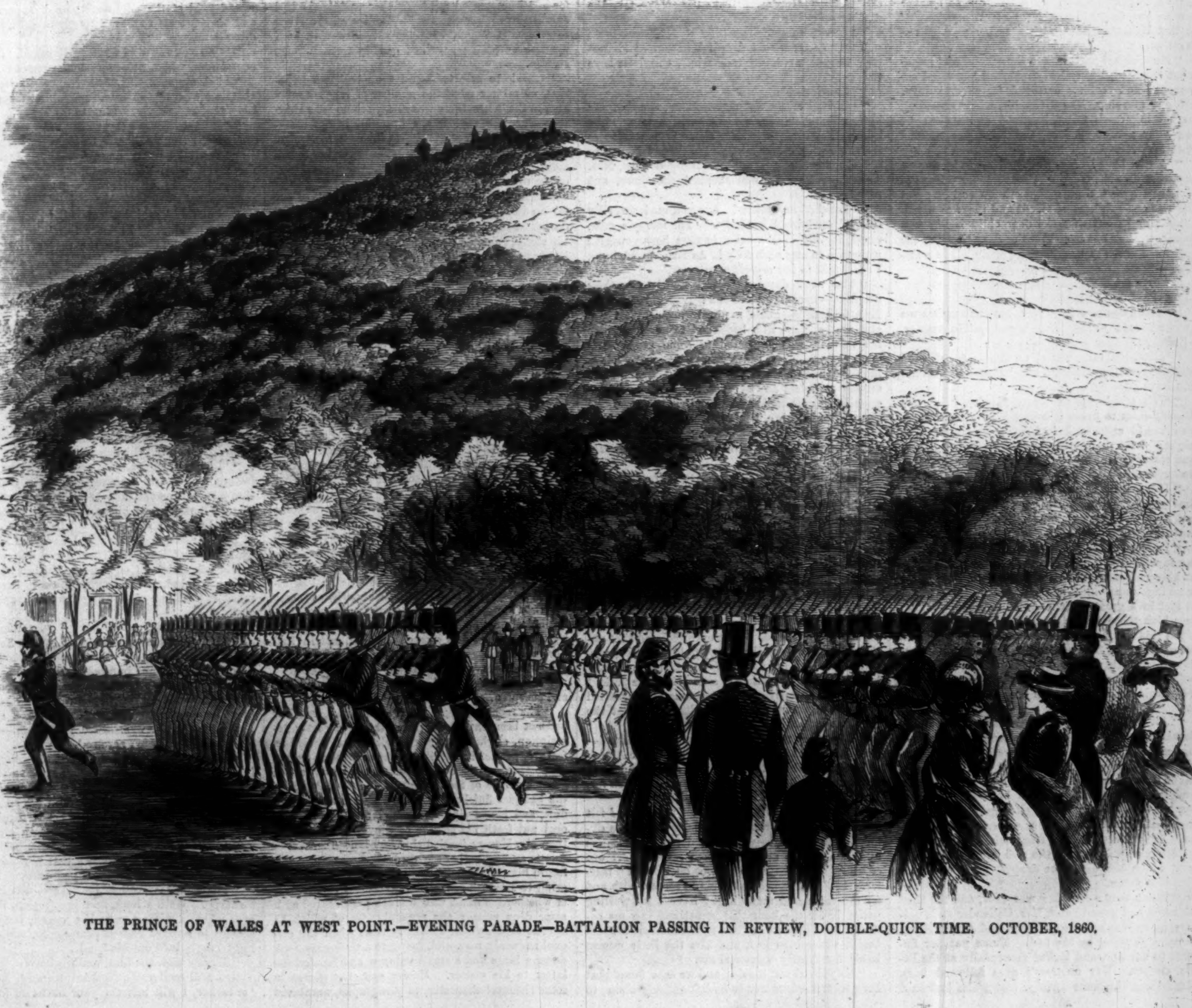
"Eight battalion companies of cadets, eleven files front, presented themselves on the right of the line; then the company of sappers and miners of forty men; then the battery of four guns of light artillery, with a corps of cadets acting as cannoneers; and the left was occupied by a detachment of dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant Dodge. In a few minutes after the formation of the line, the Prince and suite, with Lieutenant-General Scott, appeared on the parade-ground, when Major Reynolds gave the order to 'Prepare for review.' The ranks of the troops were opened, the artillery unlimbered, the officers and colors to the front, when the reviewing party marched to the head of the military column, while the band played the air of 'God Save the Queen.' As the Prince and escort passed down the military line the band played the very elegant air of the 'Flowers of Edinburgh.' The reviewers passed down the front and between the open ranks of the troops back to their original position on the parade-ground. The troops were then broke into column by companies and marched in review—first in common time, then in quick time, and finally in double-quick time. As the commandants of the companies passed and saluted the Prince he gracefully raised his hat in acknowledgment. The review, although the numerical strength of the troops was small, was very good, and the marching of the men and saluting of the officers beyond criticism. Before the parade was dismissed the Prince, leaning on the arm of Colonel Delafield, approached Major Reynolds, the commandant of the cadets, and expressed his approbation at the faultless manner in which the review was conducted, and desired the Major to express his thanks to the cadets for the honor of the parade. The parade was then dismissed, and the troops returned to their quarters."



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST POINT.—ARTILLERY PRACTICE. OCTOBER, 1860.—[See preceding Page.]



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST POINT.—ARTILLERY DRILL—FORMING BATTERY. OCTOBER, 1860.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST POINT.—EVENING PARADE—BATTALION PASSING IN REVIEW, DOUBLE-QUICK TIME. OCTOBER, 1860.

THE HORROR IN THE HOUSE.

"No. 23 Gayland Terrace only differed from the other numbers in being larger and more commodious. Some years before my first remembrance of the place, it had passed into the possession of Mr. Archbold, a wealthy merchant and ship-owner of Birkenhead, who furnished it in a style of surpassing magnificence, and adopted it as his regular summer resort. The death, however, of a widowed sister, Mrs. Annesley, who resided with him—an event which occurred in their second season—gave him a distaste to the spot; and placing the house, with all it contained, in the hands of the nearest agent, the merchant returned to his usual home. Sumptuous fittings and a moderate rent insured a constant occupation; and in the seven years that succeeded Mr. Archbold's departure four families in turn inhabited the mansion—two for a season each, one for two, and one for three successive years. All these, especially the latest tenant, Mr. Upton, quitted it with evident reluctance; that gentleman even leaving with regret the mansion which had witnessed the illness and death of a beloved daughter.

"No. 23 was vacant when I first took cognizance of Gayland Terrace; but the notice to let speedily disappeared, the chimneys smoked, the windows opened, flowers blushed in the balcony, while silver voices and laughter betrayed the presence of fairer flowers within. A lady, with five daughters, had taken the house. Their name was Callender. The husband and father was captain and part owner of an East Indiaman, had already realized a handsome independence, and was at this time on his voyage home.

"A brighter group I never saw. Mother and children had all the same clear, dark complexion, night-black tresses, and brown luminous eyes—gipsy beauty refined—and what can be lovelier? Pleasant voices and silver laughter! I hear them still, as I linger with my hoop beneath their window, waiting impatiently for my chosen lady of the band, Bud May.

"Rose, Lily, Violet (they were all named after flowers), Poppy, and May—each of them was charming, after her particular manner. Bud Violet, I think, was the greatest favorite; Bud Rose was the titular belle; Lily and Poppy were darlings; but the real queen of my affections was, as I have hinted, Bud May, who was, besides, the merriest of the band.

"'What is that on your forehead, my sweet May?' asked her mamma, suddenly, one morning, as my favorite entered, and sat down to breakfast.

"May passed her hand across her brow, and looked up brightly.

"'Ah, it's gone!' continued her mother, laughing.

"'What was it, mamma? A wasp?'

"'A frown, my love, and such a one as I never saw on any forehead yet, least of all my May's,' replied Mrs. Callender, with a rather puzzled expression.

"May, on her part, looked thoughtful and somewhat troubled, but quickly resumed her usual demeanor; and nothing occurred for several days, till, one morning, Nurse Goodes, while attending on her mistress's toilet, hemmed and spoke: 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, but have you noticed Miss May?'

"'Noticed her? *Especially?* No. Why do you inquire, nurse?'

"'She grows thin, ma'am, that's certain; but she eats and drinks, and sleeps and plays as usual. I can't make out that the dear child is ill; yet, somehow, she's not herself. For days together she will seem much as usual; then, again, all in a moment—'

"Nurse stopped.

"'What do you mean?'

"'There comes a look upon her that makes me quiver!' said nurse, with a perceptible tremor. 'I never see such a thing—I never did!'

"'Good Heavens, nurse!' exclaimed the startled mother, recalling the frown at breakfast. 'What can have affected her?'

"'It's odd,' replied Nurse Goodes, 'but she doesn't seem to know it herself! I wish, ma'am, you would come and look at her sometimes at night. I see the expression more strongly then; and sometimes she speaks a word or two I can not understand.'

"Her mistress promised to do so, and kept anxious watch upon her darling the entire day besides; but May was gayer than ever, and gave her no opportunity for remark.

"I passed that afternoon, which was wet, in the house with my young friends, and we had a game at hide-and-seek, during which May contrived the most ingenious 'hide' of the day, being rooted out at last in a great apartment on the ground-floor, in which there was a bed of extraordinary size. Upon this couch the baffled hunters had sat down more than once in consultation, not dreaming that the crafty little maid had removed the bolster, and substituting for it her own slight person, concealed herself to perfection with the pillows and coverlet.

"All the luxurious appointments of this richly furnished room—known as the Angel Chamber—but more particularly the bed, were objects of considerable admiration. The bed was of foreign manufacture, made unusually low, carved, gilt, and inlaid at the foot with malachite. The canopy was crowned by an angelic figure, exquisitely moulded, from whose arms, extended in an attitude of protection, and from whose half-opened golden wings, descended the rich hangings of azure silk, which completed the drapery of a couch worthy of a queen.

"When that merry day was over, and the tired children had gone to rest, Mrs. Callender stole quietly up to May's little chamber, and found Nurse Goodes standing by the bed. Nurse put her fingers to her lips, and looked mournfully at the little sleeper. Her mistress's eyes followed hers. There was the same strange frown she had once already seen. Now, too, the lips were drawn back, the teeth set, the innocent face wholly changed, and wearing an expression of mingled horror and disgust inexpressibly shocking to contemplate. Mrs. Callender scarcely recognized the child.

"Presently she murmured some indistinct sounds. Mamma put down her ear.

"'They are rushing at me—rushing, rushing again! Angel, oh angel!' gasped May.

"'My child!—my May!—what is it? Wake!' cried the terrified mother, clasping her.

"May woke, and the expression passed as though a mask had fallen. She sat up, smiling, perfectly composed, and, kissing her mother, asked what was the matter.

"'I—I thought you were sleeping uneasily, my love,' said mamma, half-fearing to see the look return. 'Was it a dream?'

"'Ah, I remember,' said May, lightly. 'Some creatures came flying at me all round, breaking, like black waves, against the bed; but the angel stops them always.'

"'Missy slept two nights in the Angel Room, soon after we came,' explained nurse, 'and had the same dream there.'

"'But I don't mind it,' said May. 'It—it's that *other*—'

"The strange look seemed about to steal over her face again, but she covered it with her hands.

"Mrs. Callender sat down beside the bed, and motioned nurse away; she was bent on finding out the mystery.

"'What "other," May? My little girl, you have some trouble or fear. Confide in mamma. What is it?'

"May was silent for a moment, holding her mother's hand, and mechanically counting the white fingers. Then she said:

"'Mamma, I *can not* tell. Something is wrong with me—that I know; but indeed, indeed I can not describe it. It is a sensation so quick, so sudden, that, almost before I can feel how horrible it is, it is gone! It is neither taste, touch, nor smell, yet is something of all three. I should not mind it so much, however, but for a sort of shock or spasm of sickening horror that comes with it. It is as though—as though some wicked thing had touched me,' added the little girl, in a low voice, clasping more tightly the hand she held.

"Mrs. Callender's heart beat faster; but she was a firm and sensible woman, and addressed herself with such quiet energy to the task of soothing the poor child—more unnerved, apparently, by the confession of her fear than she had been by its concealment—that she very soon attained her object; and having watched her darling into a tranquil sleep, withdrew to confer with nurse, whom she found in the adjoining apartment, weeping bitterly.

"'Oh, ma'am, ma'am!—oh, my dear lady!' sobbed Nurse Goodes. 'Take her away—take the darling away!'

"'Away, nurse?'

"'Away from this dreadful house. It is not for a Christian creature to live in. Charlotte says so.'

"'Charlotte?'

"'Old Charlotte, the char-woman; she that was here, off and on, in Mr. Archbold's time? She knows that Mr. Archbold's sister was warned in the same way. Her brother laughed at it, and so did she, for she was a high-couraged lady, Mrs. Annesley; but she was touched six times, and took.'

"'Touched and taken! Are you mad, you silly thing?' exclaimed her lady. 'For mercy's sake, nurse, for my child's sake, beware how you give utterance to any such folly! As for old Charlotte, I shall talk to her myself to-morrow.'

"The next day, a medical gentleman, their neighbor—in consequence of a private missive from Mrs. Callender—made a purely accidental visit; and pretty May, who happened to be alone with her mother, was subjected to some professional questionings. Mr. Mawry was forced to admit that she looked worn and thin, but was utterly unable to detect any symptom of disease; consequently, as nothing is avowedly the most approved remedy for nothing, he sent it to her in the form of some prettily colored medicaments, that might have been swallowed with impunity by a delicate bee.

"But, in spite of the absence of medicine, in spite of care and vigilance, in spite of soft spring winds and strengthening food, Bud May began to droop and fade. So no more hoop, and hide-and-seek, and rustic rambles, for my little queen. From the strong sea-beach to the terrace-walks, from these to the sofa, from the sofa to her own little chamber, poor May fought the battle of her fragile life, till the most sanguine of the surrounding hearts durst hope no longer. Change of air and scene had been suggested; but the doctors—another had been called in—at once declared that nothing could be so well adapted to her seeming condition as the clear soft climate in which she already breathed. As for change of scene, the little patient herself so earnestly, almost passionately entreated that she might not be moved elsewhere, that the idea was instantly abandoned.

"One other request the little maid preferred—that she might be placed henceforth in the Angel-chamber, until—until— It was done; and now, as though she had nothing more to ask or wish for, Bud May sank quickly and silently away.

"I have not told you what, all this time, *I* felt and did. I knew that my little princess was dying—going to God—yet I dared not dwell much upon the loss to myself: selfish regrets were out of place, could have no part or lot in such matter. Still, I was not forbidden to sorrow with and for the rest; and many a day have I sat waiting patiently for the hour that sometimes saw me admitted for a moment to the Angel-chamber, to kneel beside the golden bed, and kiss the little waxen hand that faintly welcomed me.

"May loved soft music; and we soon found that her greatest solace was to be left entirely alone, to gaze up at the shining countenance of the majestic angel, and to listen to the low sound of some sacred melody chanted by Violet from a distant room.

"One evening—it was the 10th of April—the fact of our invalid's having been somewhat better in the morning had emboldened me to bring with me a beautiful kitten, of which she had once expressed her admiration. May was delighted, fondled it heartily, thanked me with the only kiss she had ever bestowed, and bade me leave the soft purring thing with her for a while, and return for it before I left the house.

"I can not tell what feeling possessed me, but, like May herself, I longed for solitude, and, instead of proceeding to the music-room, stole into an intervening apartment, and presently began to weep.

"A soft hand touched me; it was Mrs. Callender, whom I had not noticed sitting in the darkening room, and who, moved by my grief, came and sat beside me, whispering broken words of consolation.

"As she spoke there was, or seemed to be, a faint call from the sick-chamber. Other ears had fancied it too, for Violet and the rest were already in the passage, and in another moment all had assembled in the Angel-chamber.

"There they lay, both asleep, the kitten and the little maid; but my little maid shall never wake again till the resurrection.

"After a very brief interval No. 23 found another occupant in the person of Colonel Robert Doulton, a stern warrior of the Wellington school, who had served in the Indian wars, and now, at the express suggestion of a London physician, brought down his invalid wife, to derive what benefit she might from the cheerful scenery and salubrious breezes of a notoriously healthy neighborhood.

"Mrs. Doulton—if the pale phantom that had traveled in a couch-carriage, and been borne up to the chief bedroom in the arms of one strong maid deserved the name of a living being—was the object upon which her lord—a man of iron, resolved, unmalleable, self-indulgent—lavished all his love and care. Nothing could exceed the solicitude with which he watched the fluctuations of her disorder, and assembled round her every imaginable object calculated to distract the pains or tranquilize the mind of his beloved patient. The physician, Dr. T——, came down once a week, to resolve himself that his prescriptions were accurately followed, to dine sumptuously with the colonel, and to receive the fifty-pound note which so poorly recompensed his lost afternoon! while little Mr. Mawry, the apothecary, received orders to look in at least once in the course of every day.

"In spite of these arrangements, the generally received opinion that Mrs. Doulton would never quit that splendid chamber alive grew and strengthened.

"Old Charlotte, the char-woman, who had no more business in that house than I—*less*, indeed, for had I not buried my heart there, while she had only secreted her pattens?—she, I say, contrived to reconnect herself with the establishment, and, upon those pattens, walked quietly back into its service.

"Charlotte asserted—and they believed her—that, no matter what the number of regular servants in the house, there was always room for a char-woman. The reports she brought, in her clinkings to and fro, were gloomy in the extreme. Mrs. Doulton seldom quitted her bed—never her apartment. As for the colonel, he spent the greater part of the morning at his wife's bedside, reading to or conversing with her; then he rode or walked out for an hour, and returning, passed the hours till dinner in the Angel-room, which he chose to make his study, engaged in the preparation of a work relating to his campaigns in India. The physician was their sole London visitor; and of the neighbors, the good rector, who received a cordial welcome, and Mr. Mawry, alone had access to the drawing-room of No. 23.

"Thus passed about two months, when, on a certain morn of August, the dark prognostications of old Charlotte and party were signally confounded by the appearance of Mrs. Doulton upon the graveled terraces in a Bath chair. She was decidedly better. Close beside her stalked her tall dark husband, rubbing his hands, and eying his well-nursed partner with fond complacency, as he saw that face, which must have been a sweet and pleasant one in other days, brighten with gratitude and pleasure under the influence of the soft free air, and the sense of returning vigor.

"They took many turns together, and went home at last with manifest reluctance; the invalid, as if vain of her renovated strength, disdaining the ready hand that offered to reconduct her across the threshold.

"A day or two later, Mr. Mawry, who had already, as he confessed to his wife, experienced some slight twinges of conscience on the score of receiving a daily fee for his needless visits, was stopped by the colonel as he crossed the hall, and invited to remain and partake of the dinner at that moment about to be served.

"Mawry was fond of a good dinner. He sniffed, and accepted.

"The repast, though, to all appearance, a visitor had not been expected, was of the most costly description, slightly eastern in character, varied in feature, perfect in detail. Host and guest agreed in postponing mere intellectual pleasure to the great business of the hour; and it was only when, the banquet finished, they drew chairs to the window, and began sipping their claret, that the colonel put forth his powers of conversation. Even then Mr. Mawry fancied that he glanced from subject to subject rather too abruptly, and was revolving in his secret soul whether his host was endeavoring to astonish him with his stores of knowledge, or whether his mind was in truth preoccupied with some deep matter, the remembrance of which he sought to drown in desultory talk, when the colonel suddenly rose, and, going to a book-case, took down a large and a small volume, and handed the latter to his visitor. Mawry saw that it was in some Oriental character, in paragraphs, numbered and lettered. The colonel then changed volumes, and showing Mawry that he now held an English translation, requested him to name any paragraph throughout the work, which he, the colonel, holding the original, would render into literal English.

"Mawry did as he was desired, naming in succession four or five passages of considerable length, all of which his host read off in English with perfect ease and correctness. He then laid the books aside.

"'Now, Sir, feel my pulse,' were his next words.

"Mawry obeyed. It was not a full beat, but regular, and moderately fast.

"'Am I in health, think you? Chest and lungs all right?'

"'Do you wish me to examine with the stethescope? I have it with me.'

"The other assented, and Mr. Mawry, through the medium of that plain speaker, ascertained that all was sound.

"'And I am not mad?'

"The doctor stared.

"'I have conversed collectedly upon many different topics, and have translated with literal accuracy several passages from the most involved and difficult of Eastern writers. Are these proofs sufficient?'

"Mawry bowed an affirmative.

"'Now, Doctor, I am going to ask you a curious question. Remember, I do not speak in figures. Simply and plainly—can a man *taste death?*'

"Mawry could not forbear a start.

"'I will explain further,' said the colonel. 'Once in three or four days—sometimes more frequently—I experience a sensation so difficult to describe that I was driven to the adoption of the simile that caused your surprise. It is like—like a poisoned cloth flung suddenly over my whole face. Eyes, nose, mouth, are impregnated with its horrible presence. I shudder from head to foot with an indescribable mixture of loathing and rage. In a second it is gone—I am as well as ever. Have you, in your experience, met with such a case? I am not given to idle fancies. When I tell you, Doctor, that I have been present in eleven battles, have passed nights among dead and dying creatures, witnessed every phase of the terrible side of war, you may believe that my nerves are not easily shaken. But I will own that the circumstance I have alluded to, in its singular recurrence, gives me considerable uneasiness; and fearing that, should the horror seize me in my wife's presence, the change of countenance I can not control might occasion her grave alarm, I resolved to take your opinion on the subject. Let me have it.'

"Mawry pondered deeply for a moment. He was struck with the coincidence of the symptoms described with those which had afflicted May Callender. Some whisper of the supernatural agency to which they were attributed had reached him in one or other of his frequent visits, but his mind was devoid of the slightest taint of superstition, and his thoughts now set strongly in quite another direction.

"'Can you recall,' he presently asked, 'the first occasion on which this sensation occurred?'

"'Let me see. No. Stay—yes. I had been chatting with my wife, had partaken of her afternoon tea, and was returning to my study.'

"'It happens most frequently after meals?'

"'No, I think *not*,' said Doulton, reflecting.

"'You take refreshment sometimes during the day; you Indian gentlemen must have your tiffin, and perhaps, in the intervals, a glass of pale ale or soda-water.'

"'Possibly,' said the colonel, whose attention was languishing. 'I believe I do.'

"'Brought to you by the butler, eh? What claret this is! Tredway, then, is always your cup-bearer—eh, Colonel?'

"'I suppose so—I forget. Really, I can hardly tell you. Sometimes Tredway, sometimes Mahmoud, sometimes, eh—ah!' The colonel yawned.

"'Sometimes?'

"'Old Charlotte, I think they call her. An old woman who favors me with her presence here, for the sake, apparently, of helping eight idle servants to do nothing. But why these domestic queries? and, especially, what has *that* old baggage to do with the matter?'

"'Hm!' said Mawry, rather gravely, 'I don't know. When did this happen the *second* time?'

"'I had been writing for a couple of hours, when, feeling weary, and missing perhaps my siesta, I threw myself on the bed—there is one in the room—and fell asleep. In about an hour, as I afterward found, I started up in a state—I frankly avow it—of horrible alarm, as though I had been set upon by a band of fiends! Then came that choking horror—*then*, thank God! release, for I do not think a human mind, however strong, could sustain so much as a minute of that anguish and keep its balance.'

"'It is curious,' said Mawry. 'I confess, Colonel, I do not comprehend your case. So far as my skill instructs me, you are sound in body, and unquestionably sane in mind. Still there are fancies. Firm and self-possessed as you seem, it is yet quite possible that the solution may be found in some disarrangement of the nervous system. You have perhaps overtasked your brain—a little less work, and more exercise.'

"'I see, Sir, I see!' exclaimed the colonel, rising, with some heat; 'you take me for an illusionist, a— Ha! by Heaven, *it is coming now!*'

"Mawry looked steadily at him. The colonel was not acting. The dark-lined countenance grew deadly pale, the eyes glowed, the teeth chattered and gnashed. In spite of himself, the doctor was awe-stricken at an appearance that powerfully recalled the fearful traditions of *possession*.

"The attack, whatever its nature, was but momentary. With a long, deep inspiration, like one over whom a stifling wave has passed, the colonel seemed to recover himself completely, and, with a light laugh, held out his hand.

"Mawry took the hint, and his leave.

"'I will send you a pleasant draught,' he said; 'or rather, I will instruct your butler to make it

And you will oblige me, Colonel, by receiving nothing of a liquid kind *from any hand but his.* This is important: I will give you my reasons hereafter. Take your wine as usual. Good-night!'

"Colonel Doulton neglected *one* portion of his friend's advice—he took even less than his accustomed exercise, and was so rarely seen abroad that old Charlotte underwent some severe cross-examinations. Her report now was that the mistress grew stronger and stronger, but refused to take the air; that the colonel was becoming seriously ill—could scarcely bear the fatigue of walking up stairs—and confined himself almost wholly to his study, dividing the day between his writing-table and the bed. The doctor, somewhat affronted at his patient's systematic disregard of his counsels, had discontinued his visits, and had not hitherto been invited to renew them.

"Thus affairs remained for several weeks, till one morning the reverend rector was sent for to the house. His visit was a prolonged one. He came out grave and pale, and charged with a melancholy tale, of which he made no secret. The colonel had been stricken with some mysterious visitation beyond the reach of human skill, and, with a rooted presentiment of his approaching end, was pressing the work on which he had been so long engaged to a conclusion. He seemed to be awaiting, although with the courage of a Christian and a soldier, an inevitable fate.

"Nor was he deceived. One bleak, gray morning in December the windows of No. 23 remained closed. Colonel Doulton was dead!

"It was at this period that attention began to be more generally attracted to the house, and the peculiar evil fortune which seemed to attach to whomsoever became its occupants—the last four families having each lost a member within its walls. A certain suspicion, originating none could say exactly where, hung about the wretched old woman who had clung like an evil destiny to that house of grief. She could obtain no employment; few would bestow upon her the smallest alms; the parish found means to resist her claim; the boys in the street rechristened her, without ceremony, as 'Moll Murder;' invited her to supply them with a pen'orth of arsenic on credit; and, in return, pledged themselves faithfully to attend her approaching execution. But apparently these suspicions were insufficient, and the law suffered her to starve on unmolested.

"In good truth, the weight of public opinion inclined to the supernatural side; and such extraordinary tales began to gain credence that the agent deemed it his duty to apprise the landlord, Mr. Archbold, of the character attaching to his house, and the improbability of its getting another tenant, unless something could be speedily done to redeem its reputation.

"Not a week elapsed before Mr. Archbold, without commenting on his agent's report, laconically announced that an eligible tenant was on the point of repairing to the spot, and would take immediate possession.

"An excellent idea had occurred to the shrewd old merchant. His favorite nephew, Charles Annesley, had been guilty of an act of which he thought fit highly to disapprove; had, in fact, taken to wife the beautiful daughter of a village schoolmaster! Mr. Archbold, who was a man of the fewest words, limited the expression of his indignation to a curt note, in which he informed the delinquent that, to avoid any future misapprehensions, he felt it right to state frankly that he, Charles, would never receive one farthing of the fortune he had destined for him.

"Charles was a young man of high spirit. He thought he loved his Mary, if possible, a trifle better for the price he was likely to pay for her. The change in Charles's prospects, if it cooled a few friends, warmed others into more cordial life; and so much sympathy was felt and shown for the young couple, thus set rudely afloat on the sea of life, with scarce ballast enough to secure their little bark from a daily capsize, that Uncle Archbold became uncomfortably conscious of his ungracious position; and, casting about for some means to redeem himself 'into the good thoughts of the world again,' bethought him of his vacant house in Gayland Terrace. Money he could not give—a home he might; and here was a splendid opportunity at once to confer an act of kindness on his nephew, and to rescue his property from the ill name that was daily becoming worse.

"He wrote, accordingly, to Charles, proffering the loan of his furnished mansion in Gayland Terrace until the couple should have had time to consider their future plans, or, indeed, for any period they chose, provided they took instant possession, and were careful of the costly furniture; and, on Charles's grateful acceptance, signified the result to his agent, as I have mentioned.

"So, early in February, No. 23, now in the full enjoyment of a haunted fame, opened its doors to new tenants; and Charles Annesley, a young man of twenty-five, with good, frank, intelligent features, and resolute bearing—one with whom no ghost of any sense would for a moment dream of contending—escorted his charming little wife across the first threshold of which she was the declared mistress.

"The young people brought but one servant, a country girl; and their entire resources, inclusive of a little dower of thirty pounds, hoarded for his darling by the thrifty old schoolmaster, amounted to no more than seventy-five pounds. Charles, indeed, who had a taste for, and already some proficiency in medical science, intended to turn this to account; but how the war was to be carried on until the necessary license was obtained, and patients came to be killed in sufficient numbers to keep the sportsman alive, was an entire enigma.

"'How, upon earth, Charles, are we to keep all these lovely things of your kind uncle's clean, with only Hepzibah?' asked Mary. 'And, indeed, I shall be half afraid, as it is, to trust them to her determined hands. And oh, Charles! there's another thing. I'm so ashamed of myself!—I am. I can't—oh! what have I been doing? wasting my time with French and singing, when I can't even co—coo'—

"'Coo, my child?' said Charles, laughing, and kissing off a tear—'why *should* you coo?'

"'Co—ook, Charles!' sobbed the poor bride. 'If I could have done *that*—and Hephzibah the house-work— I—think I'll try.'

"'You'll do no such thing!' rejoined Charles, seriously alarmed. 'You'll make a mess of it, burn your pretty fingers, and poison us both with all sorts of unearthly preparations! No, no! Burlesque is very amusing in its way; but the caricature of a cabinet-pudding—the distorted phantom of a fricandeau—is no fun at all! No—we must manage another servant somehow.'

"The agent, when consulted on the matter, looked grave, hemmed, didn't know—whether—in short, he might as well inform Mr. Annesley at once that there existed an unaccountable prejudice against the house, and that it was quite likely Charles might experience difficulties of a kind he did not expect in augmenting his establishment. These auguries were perfectly correct. Not a soul could be found in the vicinity willing to take service at No. 23; and the young couple, reluctant to incur the expense of sending to London for a domestic, sat down to their first meal a little depressed in spirits—Charles, who had concealed from his wife the cause of the difficulty, secretly resolving to extract some further information from the cautious agent on the morrow.

"They were sitting after dinner, with recovered spirits, but in deep consultation, when there came a low knock at the door.

"Bidden to enter, a dirty old woman made her appearance. It was no other than old Charlotte, who had come to offer her valuable services, in default of better.

"'She loved the house,' she said, 'and all that was in it. Old as she looked, she could do as much as twenty—was a very good cook, and would work her fingers to the bone for her dear little ladyship. As for wages, she didn't want none of *them*.'

"As these terms seemed reasonably cheap, and they were really in a difficulty, Charles, after a moment's dubious contemplation of the old woman's squalid figure, gave utterance to the assent he saw in his wife's clear eyes, and engaged the strange attendant, enjoining her, in the first place, to have recourse to soap and water; in the second, to eat a good supper.

"Though the old woman's eyes glistened, like those of a famished wolf, at the mention of food, she paused at the door, and hobbling back, said, in a sort of hoarse whisper, 'Please, Sir, and my lady, don't say that you've taken old Charlotte into your service. I shall never go abroad; and nobody will know, if you don't tell 'em.'

"Charles smiled at the idea of the old crone fearing that the dangerous reputation of the house might damage hers; but unwilling to explain before his wife, hastily gave the required promise, and summoning Hepzibah, dismissed the new cook, under that young lady's charge, to the sphere of her future duties.

"Affairs for a few days went smoothly enough. Charles commenced a course of study preparatory to the regular carrying out of his professional project, while the little bride busied herself perpetually in the direction of their economical household, and was never tired of watching over the well-being of uncle's beautiful things.

"One morning, Annesley having gone out alone, Mary—attended by old Charlotte, who was well acquainted with every drawer, shelf, and cupboard in the place—made a regular progress of inspection throughout the house, ending, as it happened, at the Angel-chamber.

"'What a lovely room!' exclaimed Mary, for the twentieth time, as she entered; 'and what a couch! When I die I should like it to be on just such a bed as this'—and she sat down upon it—'with that sweet majestic face shining upon me.'

"'Every body *does* die here,' said old Charlotte, cheerfully. 'Master's mother—Miss May Callender—Colonel Doulton, all breathed their lasts on this very bed.'

"'Can you remember all those deaths?' asked Mary.

"'Remember them? Bless you, my dear, they've all been touched and took within these five years.'

"'Touched and took! What do you mean, Charlotte?' said the young mistress, opening her blue eyes.

"'Well, well, we'll see!' muttered the old woman. 'And so you'd like to die here too, would you, my lamb?' she went on, with a peculiar look, gazing at the pretty, fragile creature before her from head to foot, as though mentally dressing her for the grave.

"Now, whether or not there was something unusually repulsive this day about the old woman, or whether she simply desired to be alone, Mary yielded to an irresistible inclination to dismiss her follower, and, having done so, sat down at the great plate-glass window, which faced the west.

"The view from hence was both fair and sad. First came a slip of much-neglected garden, a crowded battle-ground of weeds and flowers—the weeds having decidedly the best of it—some leafless elms and fig-trees, and a high wall, magnified to an immense size with sheaves and coils of everlasting ivy. Past this was a Roman Catholic cemetery, long since filled, and abandoned as a place of interment. Over and between three or four noble cypresses, that shaded the forgotten dead, might be seen the broad weald, green with sprouting corn; then a range of blue hills, on the last of which lingered the westering sun.

"Half an hour later Charles was returning home. When within a few paces of his own door a loud ringing shriek struck him like a stab! In a moment he was in the house, and dashed into the room from the direction of which he had fancied the cry proceeded.

"His wife was on the bed, frightfully convulsed—Hepzibah and Charlotte beside her. She recovered instantly on seeing him, and a violent flood of tears completely restored her tranquillity; after which, being left alone with her husband, Mary related as follows:

"'She had sat for some time at the window, watching the purpling clouds, and the sombre tints of evening calmly enveloping the quiet scene, when, becoming sensible of a degree of lassitude, and a strange inert feeling not usual with her, she moved to the low golden couch, and lying fairly down, fell into an uneasy sleep.

"'She lay upon her right side, with her face to the wall—on that side, distant scarcely half a yard from the bed—and dreamed that, so lying, the wall before her opened slowly, and that there issued from it a skeleton, bearing in its hands its own severed skull. As it approached, one fleshless hand detached itself from the skull and pointed to the vacant eye-holes, while the head muttered: 'See how they treat us yonder. Here were blue diamonds once, my sister, that laughed and swam like yours. Come, let us compare!'

"The skull was thrust up into her very face. She was conscious of the earthy, fetid odor—her own face was drawn, as it were, more and more into the sister-skull, as though it were becoming part of it—when, with a shriek and a desperate struggle, she flung the spectre and the dream away.

"Although for the moment the painful impression appeared to pass away, it was but too evident to Annesley that the health and spirits of his little wife had received a serious shock. In a few days her rich color was gone, her lips looked dry and feverish—she began to complain of headache, and started when suddenly touched, or at the least unexpected sound.

"One day, after making vain efforts to eat her breakfast, the poor little thing leaned her head on her hands, and burst into tears. 'Oh, Charles, my poor boy,' she sobbed, 'I fear I'm very, very ill.'

"The wistful, anxious look in those blue eyes alarmed her husband far more than even her words. He laid her tenderly on the sofa, soothing her to the utmost of his power, and, not without bitter self-reproach for neglecting it so long, dispatched Hephzibah to request Mr. Mawry's immediate attendance.

"The little doctor acknowledged that his new patient looked delicate in the extreme, and required every attention. The present attack was clearly nervous; and he endeavored to elicit from her whether she had sustained any recent shock or alarm. Mary, however, was ashamed to confess her dream; and Mr. Mawry could discover nothing but that she was subject to a sudden and fearful spasm, which affected her whole head from the eyes to the throat. In the latter organ, especially, she suffered much pain.

"On the point of leaving, Mawry turned round, and carelessly observed: 'I take it for granted, my dear Madam, that you have an excellent watcher in your husband; but you need some care. Who, may I ask, is your principal attendant?' Mary smiled. 'Who, for example, makes your tea?'

"'The housemaid, Hepzibah, generally; but sometimes old Ch—' Mary checked herself.

"'I beg your pardon—*who?*'

"'I was about to name an old woman we have taken into the house to help the housemaid, but, for some reason I have not inquired, she does not wish it to be known.'

"'Old Charlotte,' ejaculated Mawry.

"'Such is her name,' replied Mary, astonished at *his* astonishment.

"Mawry, who had sat down again, got up with a face white as ashes.

"'I—I have a word to say to Mr. Annesley,' he said, and took a hasty leave.

"Charles was reading medicine in the Angel-room.

"'Good Heavens, Sir!' exclaimed the little doctor, bursting in, 'do you know what you have got in your house?'

"Horrid visions of his Mary in typhus fever—in small-pox—a lunatic—flashed like lightning across Charles's mind.

"'What—*what?*' he gasped out.

"'Moll Murder!'

"'Moll *what?*'

"'The old hag to whom the boys in the town have given that title, for her strange association with every death that has occurred in this unhappy house since it became your uncle's. The very worst suspicions cleave to her. For mercy's sake, Mr. Annesley, get rid of this old wretch before you are an hour older!'

"Charles stood aghast. 'Is it—possible that—'

"'I know not *what* is possible; but do it, Sir—do it,' said the eager apothecary; and Charles, infected with his earnestness, promised compliance.

"That night Charlotte was dismissed, this time taking her pattens with her, as though her work were done.

"'*Touched and took!*' was Charlotte's benediction, looking back and shaking her finger as she passed the door.

"Let me pass quickly over these sad details. The young wife was indeed doomed. Drooping gradually, like the preceding victims, she slowly but certainly followed them to the same bourne.

"Annesley would have left the house, but nothing could induce Mary to consent. His uncle would be vexed; would think them careless, ungrateful—besides, they had no other home. Most of all, she earnestly desired, if die she must, to breathe her last in the Angel-chamber, with those glorious eyes and protecting arms above her.

"She had her wish; and, in a few short weeks, the fourth victim to the mystery of that house slept in the village church-yard.

"The popular feeling against old Charlotte had by this time attained such open expression, that it became absolutely necessary to investigate its grounds. She was accordingly given into custody. Some examinations took place; but the doctor being compelled to certify to a case of natural death, and no direct inculpatory evidence being adduced, the prisoner, on the very day of poor Mary's funeral, was restored to liberty, and immediately disappeared.

"It was now imagined that the house would be finally closed. The next-door neighbor on one side had already quitted; he on the other had given notice. Mr. Archbold himself felt his mind infected by the prevailing superstition; and, moreover, seeing the cause of misunderstanding removed, was ready enough to give indulgence to his returning kindness toward his nephew, to whom he accordingly wrote, desiring him to quit without delay the scene of his bereavement, and resume the place he had formerly held in his uncle's home and affection.

"Charles refused.

"He considered that his uncle, in placing them in a house under this notorious ban, had been actuated by less disinterested motives than he had imagined, and had been even in some degree instrumental in the fatal misfortune that had befallen him. Besides, he had a duty to perform, to which it was his fixed determination to devote every energy he possessed—nay, if needful, life itself. He would find out the mystery of the haunted house. And no knight, in quest of the holy greal, ever started on the doubtful way with more resolved purpose than Charles, when, returning from his Mary's funeral, he re-entered the desolate mansion.

"He was alone, absolutely alone; for poor Hephzibah, though attached to her master, and pitying him with all her honest heart, had evinced such unmistakable symptoms of aversion to sleeping another night in the house, that Charles, unshaken in purpose, judged it best to dismiss her at once to her friends. So the door closed behind the sobbing Hephzibah, and Charles was 'alone—absolutely alone.'

"Suddenly a sound struck his ear—it was like a distant footstep somewhere within the house. The door of the room in which he sat was wide open, and presently he was aware of a slow soft step ascending the stair.

"To say that Charles's heart did not accelerate its usual pace by a pulse or two, would be to deny a feeling that might have so far assailed the most collected. An idea that the bold resolution he had formed was about to be met half-way, that the mysterious Horror of the House was actually approaching him in an incarnate shape, struck the listener with an appalling sense of being suddenly called upon to deal with what one can not comprehend. Charles involuntarily griped the velvet arms of his chair, and half rising, slowly turned his face to the door, where the step had halted.

"There stood old Charlotte!

"His fear melted into rage.

"'Wretched old hag!—accursed murderess!' he exclaimed, forgetting for the moment his own doubts of her guilt—'dare you—'

"'Charles Annesley,' said the old woman, walking up to him, 'it is you who should not *dare*. I warned you—I warned your mother—I warned Mrs. Callender—I warned every one of you, young and old, of the danger hidden in this fearful house. Yet I loved and served them all when they would let me, and to do so ran the same risk with them. For reward, you have put the murderer's mark on me. I am the devil's mate, Moll Murder, the old poisoning witch. My life is nothing; they might as well have hanged me. I hoped they would, for the Lord keeps justice for the innocent, and He knows that I never willingly harmed a living creature. They were all touched and took, poor dears! but not by *me*. I know you are come back to find out who killed your darling, and old Charlotte's come to help you.'

"'You!'

"'Like enough in some things,' said the old woman steadily. 'You've no more pleasure in life—no more have I. You've one object—mine's the same, only my reason's the best. Find out what you may, you can't bring back the dead. But I wear Cain's black brand, and that's an ugly mask to die in; *I* won't, if I can help it.'

"Charles stood looking at her with an amazement he did not care to hide; something in the woman's altered manner impressed him favorably, despite himself. His thoughts held a rapid council: if the hag were guilty, and were really a prey to that fearful form of mania which could alone account for such cruel crimes, he had no fear for himself, and might even, by examination and analysis, obtain some clew to her alleged practices. If she were innocent, she might afford him important aid in his investigations. Some attendant he absolutely required. In fine, he acceded to her proposal, and directed her to take up her residence in the house as before.

"A feeling he could not well define determined Charles to sleep that night in the Angel-chamber. It was there that his Mary had experienced the first mysterious visitation—there, on his bosom, breathed her last gentle sigh.

"As he lay down, though with little hope of rest, he could not resist uttering a fervent prayer that the terrible influence might reveal itself to him; also—no matter with what peril accompanied—so that he might but analyze its fearful features, and gauge its destroying power.

"His desire was fulfilled. It must have been about two o'clock when Charles woke, with a start, under the impression that a hand had been laid upon his face. But *such* a hand! It could have belonged to no living human thing. Horrible as it seems, it was like that of a putrid corpse. His mouth, his nose, his eyes, his throat, were choked and smarting with some fearful effluvia, his pulse went irregularly—his very soul sickened within him!

"Annesley was a man of cool, intrepid nature, and the strongest nerves. Despite his confusion, he rose and wrestled with the Terror, as if it were a living foe that had nearly mastered him—a moment, and the victory was won. Slowly and reluctantly, as though baffled in its assault, the horrible fear, whose presence he had almost *felt*, relaxed its hold and quitted him. Charles in-

stinctly staggered forward, as in pursuit, reached the window, and, throwing it up, gazed forth into the calm, cold night.

"'Whence, whence, O Horror?' he gasped.

The next moment, with a countenance deadly white, he reclosed the window, and returned to his bed.

"In that instant the Horror, the Ghost, had revealed itself to him, as he had desired.

"But Charles would have further proof, and witness too.

"The following morning, after pretending to eat some portion of the breakfast he found comfortably prepared for him in the library, Charles summoned old Charlotte to a conference.

"He began by tracing as minutely as possible the history of the later illnesses and deaths, beginning with that of his mother, which event occurred during his absence abroad. In this he received most material assistance from Mr. Mawry, for whom he sent during the morning, and who, after overcoming his astonishment at finding old Charlotte a member of the council, entered with all zeal into the inquiry.

"The result proved that the same extraordinary symptoms had been evolved in every case—namely, severe nervous, semi-cataleptic attacks, prostration of strength, mental depression, decay of the vital powers, and death—Mawry declaring himself utterly unable to account either for the origin of the disease or for the rapidity and certainty with which, once conceived, it hurried the victims to their end.

"On receiving the information he had gathered, Annesley was struck with one singular feature in the case—the predilection evinced by every patient in turn for the Angel-chamber. It seemed a fatal fancy; for, certainly, whatever soothing influence it might exercise on the minds of the invalids, was not reflected in their bodies. On the contrary, every one became rapidly worse, and the mysterious Terror—though its recurrence grew more and more frequent—seemed gradually to lose its intensity, in proportion as physical health declined, till it left the last days of the sufferer wholly undisturbed.

"'*Now*,' said Charles, as with a deep sigh he raised his pale face from his hands, after a minute's meditation, 'come with me, and I will show you the Horror in the House.'

"He walked, followed by the others, straight to the Angel-room. There it shone, with its regal couch, its superb mirrors, its glowing cabinets, its purple curtains. Charles threw up the window, admitting the soft fresh breeze.

"'Does this,' he asked, 'look like a pestilence palace—a house of pain and death?'

"He struck upon one of the gilded panels as he spoke; it returned a hollow sound, like an echo of the last word, '*death!*'

"The next moment Charles caught up a poker from the fire-place and dashed in the panel.

"'Stoop down,' he said to Mawry.

"The latter did so; but started back in horror, as a sickening, loathsome odor pervaded the apartment, as from a newly-opened grave.

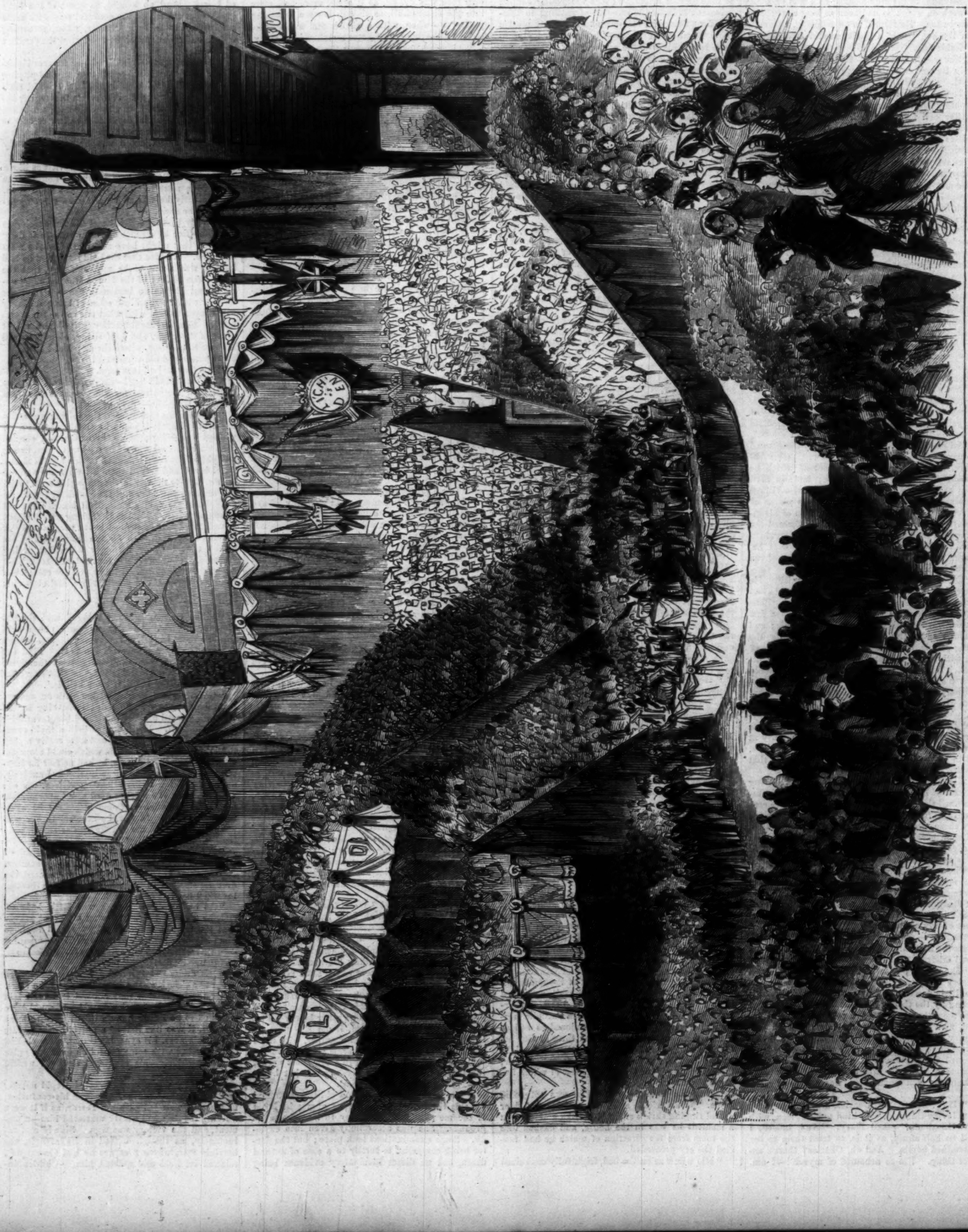
"There lay indeed the secret of the Horror. Out of that panel crept the unseen destroyer that had sucked away the breath, the life of no less than five victims.

"From the Angel-chamber, which had been originally intended as a luxurious bath-room, a pipe had been prepared, the other extremity of which had vent in the sloping bank of the adjacent cemetery, long since become one mass of corrupting human clay. Thus this fatal conduit, itself decayed, winding among broken vaults and mouldering mausoleums, gathered up the noxious exhalations, and poured them into the golden room. By what atmospheric changes or movements in the earth the amount of miasma thus transmitted was governed and modified can not of course be known; but that the poison varied greatly in quantity and strength was sufficiently proved by the fact, that attention was never attracted to the vitiated atmosphere of the spacious and seemingly well-ventilated room.

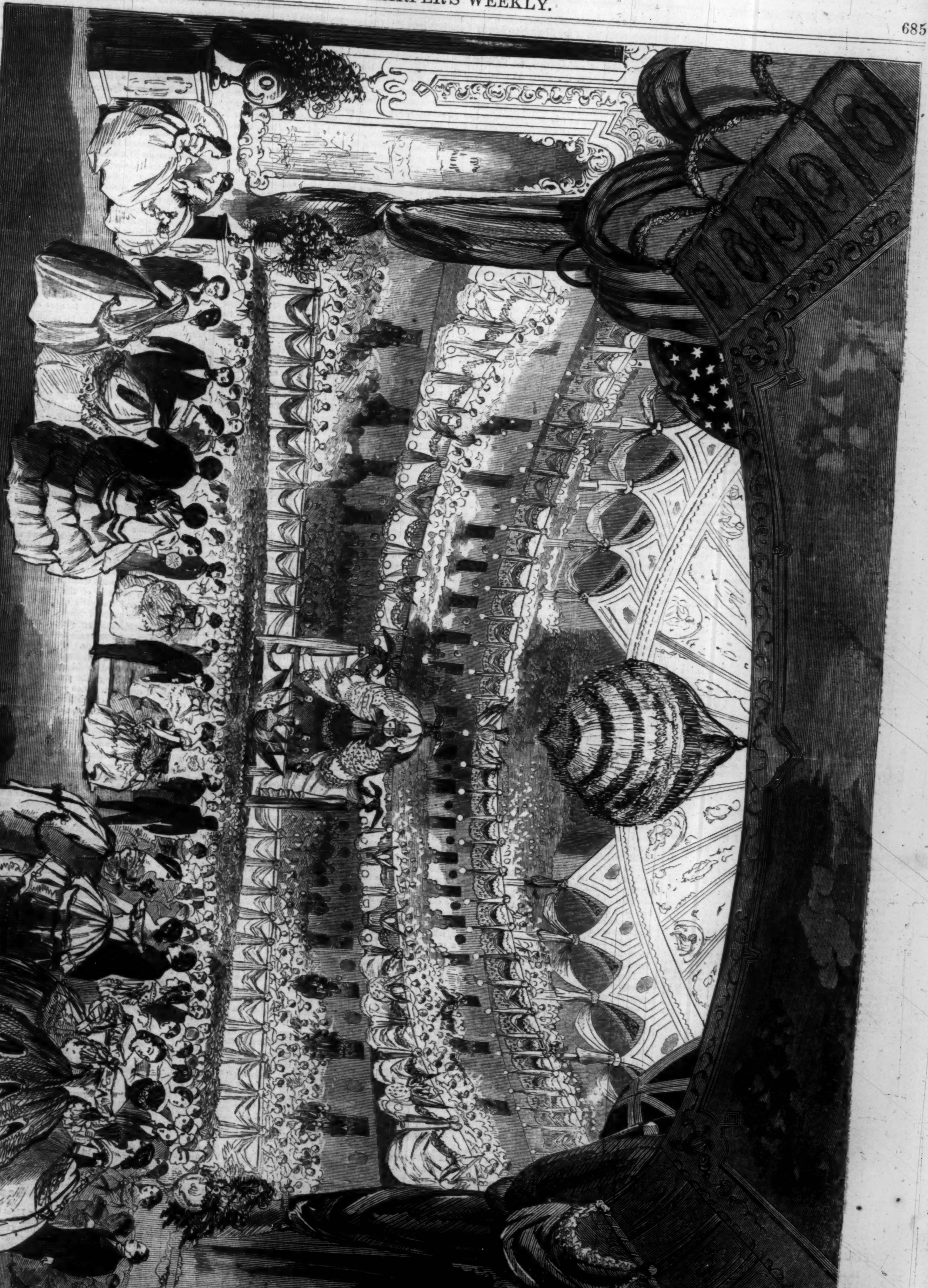
"The panel which concealed the mouth of the pipe was low down—exactly on a level with the head of one sleeping in the Angel-bed, and probably distant from it but three or four feet. An almost imperceptible crevice in the thin panel must have projected that baneful breath into the sleeper's face as certainly, and, as it proved, as fatally, as the 'juice of cursed hebenon' dropped from the phial of the Danish regicide. No marvel that the end was rapid! To turn the face to *that* wall was indeed to bid adieu to life, its hopes, its troubles, and its cares.

"Those more remarkable symptoms I have had to relate can only be referable to nervous temperament, or to the mysterious trouble acting almost in the nature of disease, until disease was positively engendered.

"When, on the previous night, Charles threw up the window, some slight odor eliminated from the burial-ground, connecting itself with the loathsome sense from which he had just escaped, at once revealed to him the latter's origin."



MUSICAL FESTIVAL GIVEN TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE BOSTON SCHOOL CHILDREN, OCTOBER 18, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 686.]



GRAND BALL GIVEN TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BOSTON, OCTOBER 18, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT.

THE BALL AT BOSTON.

OUR readers have seen, on the preceding page, the picture of the grand ball given by the citizens of Boston to the Prince of Wales on 18th October, in the Boston Academy of Music. It was, all are agreed, a triumphant success; as brilliant as the ball at New York, and unmarred by any accident or *contretemps*. The scene, as depicted by our artist, is thus minutely described by the special correspondent of the *Herald*:

"Turning toward the entrance of the marquee, and looking out upon the body of the theatre, the *coup d'œil* was surprising, and each detail only heightened the pleasure of the first impression. The horse-shoe shape of the theatre is that most favorable for fine effect, and the result was all that could be wished. From the ceiling, which is most richly frescoed and painted in gold and white, hung a large chandelier—an inverted dome of gas-lights and glass—glittering and blazing indescribably. This, and side-brackets around the walls, gave sufficient light for a dozen such halls, and brought every detail of the decorations into full view. The theatre has three tiers, each of which was differently adorned. Objection might be taken to the motive of the decorations—which was mainly gilt and color—and might have found fault with the gaudiness and lack of simplicity which characterized the affair; but it is certain that every thing which could be done with this style of adornment—and it is capable of magnificent effects when intrusted to good hands—was accomplished in the ball-room. From the uppermost tier gilded pillars, with arches connecting them, support the roof, and these were left undecorated, except by slight draperies of red, white, and blue flags. The front of this upper tier was covered with a hanging of crimson cloth, fringed with blue, and a blue border, draped in festoons and studded with gilt stars, ran along the upper edge of the balustrade. Each of these festoons was held by a bouquet of natural flowers, from which depended a long blue banneret, ending in a gilt ball, which hung below the balustrade and over the tier below. The second tier was hung with orange-colored cloth, fringed with blue and festooned with crimson and wreaths of flowers. At equal distances along the front were shields, alternately bearing the Prince of Wales' feather and the mottoes, 'Justicia,' 'Concordia,' 'Amicitia,' and other Latin inscriptions. Each of these shields was placed upon a blue hanging, with golden stars, and was supported on either side by the British and American flags. The first or lower tier was hung with royal purple velvet, edged and relieved by gold lace, and so festooned and draped as to reveal, at equi-distances, the gilded figures which adorn the front of this circle. The dancing-floor was slightly raised above the level of the dress circle, and was surrounded by a light rope railing, and was completely inclosed by white drapery, edged with blue and orange cloth. Directly opposite the stage, and rising from the first to the third tiers, was the royal box, handsomely draped with crimson, fancifully embroidered with gold lace, and the whole surmounted by a dome of blue velvet, with outlines and ornaments in gold lace. Upon the front of the box was the Prince of Wales' feather. Above it, where the draperies met, were the crown and arms of England, and upon the summit of the dome was a spread eagle, in gilt. The entrances to the dancing-floor, as indeed to every other portion of the house, were hung with curtains of purple velvet. If from this description the reader can imagine the immense theatre; the dancing-floor inclosed as by a pavilion, each tier differently but richly decorated, and crowded with superbly dressed ladies; the royal box all aglare with light, and rich in gilt, purple, and azure; the frescoed ceiling, with its pendant dome of light; the marquee, with its groves, flowers, mirrors, and arabesque ceiling, its multiform and varied decorations, and its view of Windsor Castle, seen as if from out some immense window; if he can imagine this scene, and then crowd it with richly dressed ladies, with gentlemen in every variety of ball costume, from the full military uniform to the plain black dress-coat, while over all the lights stream their brilliant radiance—while mirrors and jewels flash back and reduplicate the rays, and the soft, sweet swell of the music bears with it the light-moving throng in a bewildering maze of beauty—then he can form some idea of the appearance of the Boston theatre at the Prince of Wales' ball."

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BOSTON.

WE publish on page 684 a fine picture of the musical festival given to the Prince of Wales in the Music Hall at Boston, on 18th October. It was a pleasant entertainment, lasting only an hour, but enabling the Prince to see the Boston school children, and to hear some good music. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the affair:

"Twelve hundred school children were arranged upon seats sloping from the floor to the ceiling, and from the platform one could see two large triangles of boys, and two immense parallelograms of gayly dressed girls, while between them was an orchestra of sixty performers, led by Carl Serraha.

"As the Prince entered the whole company rose, and the masses of children waved handkerchiefs and clapped hands, producing a fine effect. Boston can not but be a little literary in its receptions; but this department was very nicely arranged this afternoon, and consisted of only the following beautiful ode, by Dr. Holmes, which was splendidly sung—the Prince and the whole audience rising, joining in the singing, and remaining standing until the hymn was concluded:

"'God bless our Fathers' Land,
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own!
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her Throne!

"'Father, with loving care,
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,
Guide all his ways;
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee;
Prolong his days!

"'Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings!'"

TURNING FLOWERS INTO GOLD.

IN the year 1800 Provençal flower-farms did not exist; there were not then, as now, in the town of Grasse, a hundred stills, continually producing those delicate scents which are now sold at a high price in every city of the civilized world; French perfumes were distilled in Paris alone, from the produce of Italian gardens; while the more valuable kinds of essence were drawn from Italy, and chiefly from Florence, which had been renowned for its perfumes and its poisons during the learned sway of the Medici. At this time there dwelt in the village of Méry-les-Roches, three miles from Grasse, an old man of considerable wealth and imperious character, named Jean Baptiste Desormes. He had been a lackey of the Maréchal de Mirepoix, and had been as useful in Paris as '*Scapin redivivus*.' This newer impersonation of the illustrious Scapin had somehow managed to render great services to his employer, or to master enough of his employer's secrets to make him of consequence, for he was suddenly made *intendant* of the Mirepoix estates, in the neighborhood of Grasse. As intendant he grew rich.

When the great revolutionary storm burst, Desormes bought the estates of the Maréchal, which were confiscated by the republic.

In 1800 he was growing old and frail; but by this time the red fever had cooled down, the rule of Napoleon was looming in the future, and M. Desormes was fawned upon as the richest man in the arrondissement. He had 30,000 livres of annual revenue, and, like a true provincial Frenchman, did not spend a third of his income. No wonder that his daughter, Marie Desormes, had suitors in plenty. Her inheritance was a glittering bait that magnetized the susceptible bachelors of the department. And yet Marie was pretty enough, and good enough, and sprightly enough to have been loved for her own sake. One, and only one, of her many admirers did love her for her own sake, Pierre Lescaut, a young farmer of the neighborhood. They had played together as children: Pierre had gathered the daisies and scarlet poppies that Marie wove into crowns and ropes of flowers; Pierre had climbed the tree to shake down the walnuts into his little playmate's apron. But of all the pretenders to pretty Marie's hand, Pierre Lescaut, though at once the handsomest, the manliest, the best, was, alas! the poorest; and in a country where there is so intimate a connection between money-making and match-making, Plutus is generally lord of the ascendant. Every body expected that old M. Desormes—a choleric, tyrannical old fellow in most relations of life, as are many whose early servitude has forced them into a supple obsequiousness foreign to their true natures—would compel Marie to accept the suit of old Colin Legrisson, who was lame, squinting, and sixty, but who had feathered his nest gloriously when the emigrants' lands were brought to the hammer, and louis were scarce in France. Colin Legrisson was the richest of Marie's admirers; Pierre Lescaut was the neediest. Could M. Desormes hesitate? Now, curiously enough, M. Desormes *did* hesitate. That unscrupulous, grasping man had one soft spot in his flinty heart: he really loved his daughter, and none the less, perhaps, because she was the only object on which those yearnings of affection, of which even the worst of us are capable, could expand themselves. Desormes had lost his wife years and years ago, when Marie was still an infant. He had no other child. He was always kind to his daughter—that is, he neither beat nor scolded her, to the wonder of the neighbors, for he was a hard master, and had become a severe landlord, as soon as the mob-law of early Jacobinism had sufficiently died out to render unpopularity safe; and his voice, in speaking to Marie, was never the harsh, sarcastic voice which his debtors knew and trembled at. Accordingly, old Desormes shrank from compelling Marie's choice. He took good care to let her know that he would wish her acceptance of lame, squinting, old Colin Legrisson; but he did not absolutely command it. The maiden was not without sense and spirit; she detested Colin, and loved Pierre. To force her to give up the second and marry the first would be difficult, her father thought, but by no means impossible for his iron will; but it could only be effected by severity, by violence: Marie must be broken, not bent. And she might die, and he would be left alone—for young girls' hearts were curious things, and he had known them capable of even such *bêtises* as dying, when such cases had occurred—a childless old man in a world that hated him; and who, oh who would inherit the gold he had sold his conscience for! All these things old Desormes brooded over, and the result was that he told Marie he hoped she would fancy old Legrisson, who had lands and beeves; but if not, why he must trust some other *soupirant* with a snug fortune would be forthcoming. The ex-intendant had no dislike to Pierre Lescaut; he admired the young man's courage, industry, and even his honesty, as people often admire qualities quite removed from their own. But Pierre Lescaut's farm was a mere patch of land, and he picked up only a scanty living out of his little vineyard, and his score or two of olive-trees. "Thou shalt never marry a beggar, my girl!" the ex-steward would say, striking his stick on the floor. "If Pierre can show twenty thousand crowns *tournois* on the wedding-day, good! I bestow my blessing, and, what is better, I double the money. But marry a beggar! thou shalt coiffer St. Catherine sooner than that!" Now, to *coiffer St. Catherine*, in French parlance, is to die an old maid.

"Ah! Pierre," said the poor girl, with tears in her eyes, as the lovers walked up and down the garden of Pierre's farm, while the old servant, under whose chaperonage Marie had come, sat knitting in an arbor—"ah! Pierre, why have you not twenty thousand crowns? Can not you in any way get twenty thousand crowns?"

Pierre groaned and struck his forehead. "What chance have I, Marie?" he rejoined. "Your father is firm as a rock, I know, and I can't blame him, for no one that is rich likes his child to wed with poverty. But what on earth can I do? These few poor acres, that vineyard, those olive-trees—I might sell them all and not get a fifth of the money. Twenty thousand crowns! that sum does not grow on the hedges. Ah! but I wish it did." And Pierre looked quite angrily at his pretty garden, full of blooming flowers of every hue, whose mingled fragrance floated toward him on the balmy air, and the very hedges of which, as is not unusual in the south, were composed of blush-roses. "How I wish, for thy sake, my Marie, that I could coin these flowers into gold!"

Now it often happens that a word hastily or lightly spoken suffices to give a color and a direction to the entire thoughts of the speaker or the hearer, and perhaps to change his whole career and prospects. "I wish that I could coin these flowers into gold!" Those words of his own haunted Pierre's ear through all the livelong afternoon; long after Marie had left him, long after the shades of evening had begun to embrown the forests, and the bees were coming back, heavy laden, to the hive, and the rooks were flapping home in sable line. Still Pierre mused and walked alone, with knitted brow and drooping head. What could he do? He loved Marie so dearly! He knew her parent would never go back from his word, never permit their union, unless he, Pierre, became a rich man. And how to become rich! He looked round at his scanty possessions with a sort of despair. The poor little vineyard, yielding its half-dozen casks of inferior wine; the rushy pasture, where the four cows picked up a scanty living; the olive-trees, with their silvery leaves and gnarled roots: what could he conjure out of these beyond a subsistence for himself and his two day-laborers, and the old peasant woman who did the indoor work of the farm-house? But the flowers! They were bright, and varied, and numerous; for the garden was very large, compared with the size of the property, and Pierre's father had been head-gardener at the Château de Mirepoix in his youth, and had stocked his own ground, no doubt, with many a slip and shoot of plants rare in France at that time. The garden was renowned for its beauty and fragrance for leagues around; and when a wedding took place Pierre Lescaut was always petitioned to furnish a bouquet for the bride from the treasure of living gems that flourished in his parterres. Pierre could not get the roses and geraniums out of his head; their perfume, their brilliancy, seemed to haunt him since his interview with Marie. That evening, as he sat alone amidst his poor furniture of brown walnut wood, in his whitewashed room, he revolved many vague ideas in his head, and sighed as common sense seemed to overturn all his card-castles one after another.

All his hopes, all his wild projects were gilded and sanctioned, as it were, by his love for Marie. He would never have longed for money, save as a means of winning her; yet, as he laid his head on the pillow, the words still rang in his ears, "I wish that I could coin these flowers into gold!" And when, after much tossing and restlessness, the young man sank into sleep, he was flower-haunted still. In his dream, he saw himself surrounded by the choicest blossoms of his garden, but they looked brighter than before; the dew that spangled them glittered like diamond drops; the fragrance of their mingled breath entranced him, and closed him in like a sweet vapor; their hues were as brilliant as if every rose-leaf had been changed into a ruby, every lily into a pearl of the Orient. And lo! wonder of wonders! the petals expanded, and forth from every blossom peeped a fairy—a fairy with waving wand, and starry wings, and jeweled diadem; and the entrancing strains of a tiny but exquisite music, the music of Elfland, floated in the scent-laden air. Then the fairies mocked and derided, with small peals of silvery laughter, the blindness of the mortal who would coin flowers into gold, and knew not how; and Pierre winced in his sleep at the laughter and elfin scorn. But the graver and kinder queen of the fairies waved her wand. "He loves," she said; "he is no miser, seeking wealth for itself. Let us befriend him, for Marie's sake." And then every flower opened still wider, and every fairy pointed downward with her wand, and behold! deep in each blossomed cup lay heaps of fairy gold piled up; and struggling up from tiny mines and shafts that led far into the dark earth came endless crowds of little gnomes, bearing gold to add to the myriad heaps; and the fairies cried in their shrill voices: "Thus may flowers be coined into gold!" Then the fragrant mist grew thicker and sweeter, till fairies, flowers, gold, and gnomes vanished away in it, and nothing was seen but mist. And Pierre awoke, with the scent of the blossoms overpowering him.

It was early morning—the sun was streaming on his face, the dew was drying away, the early perfumes of the rose-garden came through the open window of the room. Now whether the dream suggested the recollection of long-forgotten remarks that his father had sometimes made, or whether the recollection of such remarks was the true origin of the dream, I do not pretend to say; at any rate, Pierre, with an anxious but a hopeful face, trudged through the fields toward the town of Grasse. In Grasse there dwelt a withered old Italian druggist—druggist and herbalist—who had a mean, bare shop, and picked up but a mean, bare living by his traffic in simples and confections. He was a native of Florence, and had a reputation for learning; but few customers were attracted by the stuffed alligator over the door, and the dusty shop, and jars, and bottles, and the long, lean figure of the maestro himself, and his suit of rusty black. In short, he was just such an apothecary as Romeo selected for the purveyor of the deadly draught; and to his half-empty shop did Pierre Lescaut, another luckless lover, repair, but not to ask for poison. Long was the consultation between the young Provençal farmer and the old druggist, and it ended in the latter's accompanying Pierre homeward, with a gleam of unusual excitement on his lean brown face.

The apothecary spent hours in Pierre Lescaut's garden, going from flower to flower, sniffing, ogling, and even tasting petal, and pollen, and stamen, gazing at the buds through a horn-mounted magnifying-glass, and chuckling the while in a strange, ghostly way. The neighbors, who had some suspicion that the gaunt stranger in sable was a wizard, stared and wondered. More heartily did they wonder, a little later, when Pierre was seen shifting his fences, and day after day enlarging his garden. Now he took in a slip of vineyard, now a corner of his fields; anon he went off to the forest with his men to search for fine black mould; and next day he was busy grafting, sowing, cutting, and transplanting among his flower-beds. He was enlarging his already ample garden. That was odd enough; but when, instead of stocking the ground with pulse and pot-herbs, Pierre actually began to cultivate flowers with tender solicitude and skill on every spare inch of earth, the whole neighborhood was up in arms. He was pelted with good advice. Let him grub up all those useless flower-stocks, and grow honest leeks and garlic, if he wished to be thought a man of sense. Pierre was firm. His friends said he was obstinate, foolish, mad; very likely bewitched by that lean Italian wizard from the town, who was now always to be seen coming up and whispering to Pierre, and who was after no good, doubtless. The neighbors were quite angry with Pierre; old and young predicted his ruin; old Desormes pronounced him an idiot. Marie alone encouraged her lover, shared his hopes, prayed for his success, and cheered him as only a faithful woman can cheer a struggling man. That was a good year for the olives, and a decent vintage, and Pierre managed to rub on, neither saving nor spending more than he could afford.

The short winter passed, spring and summer came on. The flowers were more glorious and plentiful than ever in Pierre's now very extended garden. The old Italian chuckled as he marked them. Then came a great gathering of blossoms, and Marie came to help in the picking of the flowers, and the old Italian rubbed his bony hands with exultation. Anon his furnace was noted to be strangely active; he was perpetually at work, brewing, simmering, and distilling. The lean Italian was a man of skill; he succeeded in producing—thanks to the rare flowers in Pierre's garden—essences and perfumes equal to the daintiest Florence could afford. It was an era of ultra-nationality. Josephine, the then adored wife of the First Consul, was asked by a deputy of the South, a patron of the druggist's, to accept the dedication of the new discovery. Josephine consented. Paris followed suit. Giacomo Frantinelli and Pierre Lescaut sold their whole stock at a high rate. All the flowers in Pierre's garden would not, multiplied ten-fold, have supplied the demand that sprang up with mushroom rapidity. Pierre threw all the land he had into the compass of his garden-fence; he bought more land; he reared more and more flowers. Another year the profits quadrupled—quintupled. The fairies had spoken truth; flowers *were* indeed, by a delicate alchemy, transmuted into gold; and soon it was difficult, in the portly, well-fed Italian, clad in glossy black, to recognize the rusty scare-crow of other days. And Pierre and Marie! their share of the joy and success was the purest and the fullest. Before the end of the second summer the bells rung, and the girls of the village strewed flowers in the path of Marie, as, garlanded with flowers herself, blushing, proud, radiant, she passed along on her husband's arm from the chapel to her home, a happy bride. Old Desormes had been won over; success, wit, strength of mind, and will, the old ex-steward could appreciate at their full value; and although the prescribed sum of twenty thousand crowns was not yet realized, Pierre was on the highway of fortune. He had, in truth, founded a new industry, the most poetic, and not the least profitable in France. Around *his* garden there gradually sprung up other gardens; and flowers and seeds were bought in Italy, and other stills than those of old Giacomo dropped fragrant essences, and the odorous trade of Grasse extended daily. There was enough for all; and Pierre, who had set the example, was now the idol of the district, and the oracle of those who once prophesied his inevitable ruin and impoverishment. At the present day, though the flower-farms are many, the descendants of Marie Desormes and Pierre Lescaut are the most considerable proprietors in the arrondissement. It is not always, perhaps, that invention, industry, and resolution reap, in so fair a field, so solid a reward.

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